



A JOURNAL OF PRACTICAL REFORM, DEVOTED TO THE ELEVATION OF HUMANITY IN THIS LIFE, AND A SEARCH FOR THE EVIDENCES OF LIFE BEYOND.

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GEMS OF THOUGHT.

Without adversity a man hardly knows whether he is honest or not.—*Felding.*

The reproaches of enemies should quicken us to duty, and not keep us from duty.

A miser grows rich by seeming poor; an extravagant man grows poor by seeming rich.

We become divine by being filled with brother-love for all that lives.—*Swedenborg.*

Everything that gives us liberty without giving us command over ourselves is destructive.

It is true that the busiest man is the happiest man, but he doesn't have time to realize it.

You cannot dream yourself into a character; you must hammer and forge yourself into one.

Life appears to me too short to be spent in nursing animosity or registering wrong.—*Charlotte Brontë.*

There is a pleasure in receiving good; but the greatest pleasure is doing good, which comprehends the rest.

Endeavor to be honestly rich or contentedly poor; but be sure that your riches be justly got, or you will spoil all.

Character is property. It is the noblest of possessions. It is an estate in the general good-will and respect of men.

Inclination is not inspiration, but every kind and honest gift is an inspiration from the heart of the All-Good.

I never knew one who made it his business to lash the faults of others that was not guilty of greater ones himself.—*Addison.*

To be a gentleman does not depend upon the tailor or the toilet. Good manners count for more than good clothes.—*Bishop Deane.*

I have always found that the honest truth of our own mind has a certain attraction for every other mind that loves truth honestly.—*Carlyle.*

Study rather to fill your minds than your coffers, knowing that gold and silver were originally mingled with dirt, until avarice or ambition parted them.

The first beginning of a remedy is that some one believes a remedy possible—believes that if he cannot live in the truth he can die by it. Dost thou believe it? Then is the new era begun.—*Carlyle.*

The more people do the more they can do. He that does nothing renders himself incapable of doing anything. While we are executing one work, we are preparing ourselves to undertake another.

The beginning of hardships is like the first taste of bitter food—it seems for a moment unbearable; yet if there is nothing else to satisfy your hunger, we take another bite, and find it possible to go on.

Written for the Golden Gate.

The Clergy and Immortality.

BY HUDSON TUTTLE.

The *Boston Daily Herald* recently sent out a circular to distinguished clergymen, requesting a reply to this important question: "What are the strongest proofs and arguments in support of a belief in a life hereafter? Over a score of answers were received, and together present a curious study.

Darwin has already expressed the thought of his school in a letter wherein he says: "Believing, as I do that man in the distant future will be a far more perfect creature than he now is; it is an intolerable thought, that he and all other sentient beings, are doomed to annihilation after such long continued slow progress." Yet he concludes, "I cannot pretend to throw the least light on such abstruse problems."

He leaves us entirely in the dark on this vitally important subject; and we shall see that the learned and pious men who orate from the sixty thousand pulpits in these United States, imploring the people to turn their attention to the life everlasting, are almost as blind.

James Freeman Clarke basis his belief in a future life, that such belief is "a human instinct," that there is evidence that the soul is independent of the body; faith in God teaches that he must give us immortality, and the resurrection of Christ establishes the fact of continued existence after death.

Rev. Percy Brown of the St. James Episcopal Church, Boston:

And in the intellectual sphere the arguments for and against immortality—from Plato to our day—are so numerous and so varied in degrees of strength, that there is no assurance that the belief resting on any of them may not be overthrown at a moment's notice, unless the intellectual believer is sure that the special argument upon which he rests his belief is stronger than any conceivable argument which can be brought against it. I confess I know of no such invulnerable argument on the affirmative side. It is quite possible that a materialistic lecturer, equipped with the latest conclusion of some atheistic scientist, might be able in an hour to sweep from every mind in his audience their belief in immortality, simply because their purely mental hold on the doctrine was necessarily at the mercy of any strong novel attack.

He thinks the "spiritual" form of this belief quite another thing from this intellectual phase, but even of the arguments urged by this spiritual form, "none of them are without flaw, and the strongest on the affirmative side to-day, may have no strength against some new argument on the negative side to-morrow."

Rev. Solomon Shindler, Reformed Jewish Rabbi of Temple Adath Israel, declares that there is no proof of a life hereafter, either furnished by science or religion, and suggests that if there is such a life, we shall probably drink the cup of lethe and forget all about this state at death.

Rev. H. W. Fonte, King's Chapel, Boston, (Unitarian) bases his argument on the incompleteness of this life, and thinks its prolongation necessary for the fulfillment of the prophecies it makes.

Rev. Julian K. Smyth, Swedenborgian, is the only one of the long list who mentions Spiritualism, and that only in passing to allude to its impotency to compel belief, and concludes: "The risen Christ is the fact on which the church is built."

Rev. C. A. Bartol, pastor of the West Church, Boston, (Congregational) says: "Eternal life must be something we must be conscious of but cannot demonstrate."

Joseph Cook, in a fog of oratory, comes to the conclusion that "the resurrection of Christ" is the basis of all evidence. It would be wearisome to detail the opinions of the lesser lights, for they almost, without exception, agree in the one point that immortality is proven and only proven by the resurrection of Jesus Christ. That is all the Bible or the church, at its best, can do for mankind hungered for this knowledge more priceless than all the wealth of the world.

It has been furnished 1800 years and never has satisfied, and now after a God has died for the purpose of giving this evidence, we are told that it is not proven and never can be more than a belief—a blind faith! When this argument of an arisen Christ is brought forward, overlooking the many doubts cast on the historic record, granting all is exactly as stated, what evidence of man's immortality is the resurrection of an incarnate God? To

prove our immortality, Christ should be human like ourselves. He was not. He was an incarnate God, and therefore by the fact of his nature immortal, and his resurrection is not evidence that human beings will meet with like resurrection from the grave.

The pulpit unites on the one proof of future life, being furnished by the resurrection of Christ as narrated in the Bible. The claim is made that this evidence is all sufficient, yet skepticism increases, and the leaders of thought to-day boldly declare their disbelief. These ministers bring forward the time old, threadbare arguments which were used by generations past, with the charming childlike assurance of their profundity and newness, and are totally oblivious to the changes in thought, wrought in the present by new discoveries in science, and what may be called the spirit of the age. They have been asleep and the world has gone forward in a new Spiritual dispensation, and they know it not!

For almost forty years the spirit world has been in direct intercourse with the world of mortals, yet none of these ministers of the gospel have heard of it, or if they have, dare mention the fact. In comparison with a single rap vibrating through the cable which spans the tide between the supernal sphere and this, what are all the arguments that may be brought? There is the one undeniable fact, and who can gainsay?

Our spirit friends return. We know they live, and love us; our faith has been transformed to knowledge. The antiquated views of a minister of the gospel are of interest as showing a preceding age of thought, fossilized, just as fossils in the rock please by presenting views of the monsters of an earlier time. Farther than this, the Spiritualist has no case, for his assuring knowledge leaves him no need of speculation.

If we wished to prove that man was immortal, we should not speculate or call on science, or appeal to the example of the death and resurrection of an incarnate God, but would triumphantly point to the facts of Spiritualism, and say to the doubter, You have but to investigate to be confirmed in knowledge.

How long will religious teachers go on after the old style arranging and rearranging reasons pro and con, blind to the only unanswerable evidence which is furnished to their hand?

[Written for the Golden Gate.]

A Spirit's Experience.

In days gone, I sorrowfully acknowledge I gave the theme, "Spirit Return," too little of my thoughts. And now that I am in full realization of its vast benefit to suffering man, to the great family of brothers and sisters, I come through my kind amanuensis and give testimony to its truth, and to the great fact that all live and none perish.

God has ordained eternal life to all,—life radiant and resplendent to us all, when we learn to love one another. I left earth rather unexpectedly; I was anxious to live yet a little longer—a few more years, but destiny pronounced the negative. My fires of earth were quenched, and my body laid in the grave.

But though called death, this was life—renewed life—life more real than before. What do I say? more real? Ah, the second awakening of the soul to consciousness. It is a new birth—a transcendent birth into new life, and light, and summer loveliness.

I awakened with great surprise. But oh! such a bright and beautiful world! I had wished to live longer to finish my work which I delighted so much in doing. I had been intent upon my earth work. But some angelic form came to my bedside when I was low and whispered softly, "Your time on earth is nearly expired, my darling; you must be content to die; it will be well with you," and in a moment I fell back and breathed my last. This transition to the Summer Land can not be portrayed by human pen.

Iridescent radiations compassed me about, and my soul was lifted up with joy unspeakable at the chambers of beauty and glory which opened up to my new eyes. I looked about me in holy amazement; I felt that I could praise my Maker without ceasing—forever. O, the realiza-

tion that I had found a home in the skies which would seem more fitting to the archangels.

Will these halls of celestial gold, these domes studded with ruby, sapphire and diamond—will they be mine forever? O, this is too much, I cried; I am unworthy. And before me were congregated souls robed in white, with countenance beaming with love divine. These loving ones approached and greeted me in gentle love tones. And the pleasure animating these souls seemed as from off the throne of heaven.

Thus, my dear friends, my inception to the better land was a bright and happy one. In my earth-life I had endeavored to be good and do a little good in the world. But little could I do; my heart went out for suffering humanity. The poor Indians I sought to defend, for it ever occurred to me that the pale faces had unjustly, if not cruelly, dismantled them by expelling them from their native forest homes.

But the hand of injustice, if such it was, can not deprive the poor Indian of his sweet hunting-ground in the gentle Summer Land. No. And this makes me happy. The Indian enjoys his forest here, and none can molest or make him afraid.

Thanking with all my heart my very kind scribe, and hoping I may be permitted to come again, I bid adieu.

HELEN HUNT JACKSON.

What Dr. Elliot Coues Says About the Attack on Theosophy.

[Washington Star, January 7.]

Dr. Elliot Coues talked quite freely with a *Star* reporter the other evening concerning the recent publication as to the "exposure" of Mme. Blavatsky, the great spirit of the Theosophical Society. As a well-known man of science, and at the same time the head of the Theosophical Society in this country, what he says on the subject will doubtless be of interest. He held in his hand an editorial abstract of the report of Mr. Hodgson in which the "exposure" is made, and he read from and commented upon it.

"They start out with the assumption," he said, "that Mme. Blavatsky created or discovered theosophy—they speak of her as the 'inventor' of theosophy and think to assail her is to attack the school of thought. Theosophy is no more dependent upon her than upon you or anybody else. The school of thought is as old as the Greek language. Theosophy means the wisdom of God. It is merely a school of higher thought; a study of those things in nature that are still mysterious to the majority of mankind. Mme. Blavatsky was one of the founders of the Theosophical Society, and to her is due the credit of forming the society. But she is no more the founder or 'inventor' of theosophy than the organizer of a literary society is the inventor of literature. So whether she ever played any tricks on people or not has no bearing on the science of theosophy. But she has been hounded and maligned in an outrageous manner.

"Theosophy is spoken of here," he continued, "as a hodge-podge of Brahminism, Buddhism, Spiritualism, and necromancy. Now, it is nearer Buddhism than anything else that it is not. It is entirely at variance with Brahminism. Brahminism is priestcraft of India. Buddhism is opposed to priestcraft and superstition. It has no faith in the supernatural. It reaches by entirely natural means what may appear supernatural. Theosophy is akin to Buddhism. As to its relation to Spiritualism, I say only that theosophy does not recognize any supernatural agencies. As to necromancy, that is a good enough word in its way, but it does not in any sense apply to us. It is a term used for almost any devilry, but it relates properly to certain superstitious rites over the dead.

"Theosophy is a study of the finer forces of nature that are more or less covered up and difficult of access. I have never heard of a theosophist believing in anything supernatural or pretending that he applied to any unnatural agency. His object is to discover the purely natural causes of things that appear strange and miraculous. I do not believe in miracles—I know of no theosophist who does. I do not think a miracle was ever performed or ever will be."

"There have been things that seemed miracles to those who did not understand

them, but theosophy discovers their natural cause; and their happenings are as natural as the force of gravitation. Theosophy studies the mysteries of nature, and dispels the idea of the supernatural. It cannot be explained to a person who has not made a study of the subject any more than you could explain differential calculus to a man who knew nothing at all of the lower mathematics—or than you could explain the sense of smell to one who had never had the power of smelling. It is a mere matter of science, like any other branch of scientific research. There is nothing sentimental about it. It is not a sect or religion.

"It is said here that the society claims to be under special protection of a mysterious brotherhood in Tibet, spoken of as adepts and as Mahatmas. I never heard of their being under the special protection of the Mahatmas. A Mahatma is not a man holding communion with supernatural powers. Mahatma means great soul or high spirituality. A Mahatma is a man of great soul or a magnanimous man. Emerson might be termed a Mahatma. Plato and Moses were Mahatmas.

"You see what folly and ignorance is displayed in all this talk.

"As to the 'projection of the double' or the appearance of the astral form far away from where the body is, I know that the astral form may be projected a great distance from the body, and be visible, audible and almost tangible. It is accomplished by natural forces that have been discovered by scientific research. I can do it myself. I have attained that power and have many times projected my astral form.

"On the 23d of June I was in Chicago at a reception given in my honor by my sister, Mrs. J. M. Flower, wife of Judge Flower, of Chicago. On that occasion I projected my double and called on and talked with a very accomplished lady in Washington, who possesses great psychic powers. This is her own account of the visit: 'You have paid me three astral visits during the past six months. I will state the circumstances now. There may be something in them that will be further proof of your power to project your double. On the evening of June 23 I was sitting at my window '—when I distinctly heard you say "No." Naturally I turned to see from whence the voice came, and to my surprise saw you [your double rather] standing by my side. "Why not?" I asked. "Because I have gone," was the reply. "I am in Chicago visiting my sister, Mrs. J. M. Flower, (whether such a person exists or not I do not know), and looking into theosophical matters a little. Just then I seemed to see you in the midst of a gathering of people. I asked what it meant. The reply was, "Oh, only a little reception my sister is giving in honor of me." I then asked for the names of one or two persons present as proof. These names were given: Prof. Rodney Welch and Dr. Sarah Hackett Stevenson. With this you disappeared. I immediately got up and noticed the time—10.20—and then noted the above down, as you once requested me to do, so I could give it to you just as it happened."

"On the evening of Nov. 2, and the morning of the 5th you again appeared." "At the time my astral form appeared to her," said Dr. Coues, "I was talking to about forty people, among whom were the two named in this note.

"As to the transportation of solid bodies by means of this science, I do not know as much. The precipitation of writing, I know, can be preformed. There is no supernatural agency in it. It is merely a use of the subtle sources of nature. Like all other true sciences, theosophy is incomprehensible to those who have not studied it. A man must have peculiar powers of sensitiveness in order to study the more subtle forces of nature. It is a difficult study."

To think we are able is almost to be so. To determine upon attainment is frequently attainment itself. Thus earnest resolution has often seemed to have about it almost a savor of omnipotence.—*Samuel Smiles.*

It is not the gift, but the giving, which is most precious and helpful. It is not the succor, but the sympathy and intelligence and gentle humanity with which it is offered, that cheers the very soul of the poor and weary and the dying.

(Written for the Golden Gate.)

The Spirit Side of Life.

[Given by the Spirit Brother of H. H. Kenyon, through a private medium at St. Paul, Minn., in response to the following: "One of my friends pretends to think that the appetite for alcoholic drinks, and habits connected therewith, are simply the natural craving of the stomach and physical organism, and will die with the body without leaving any effect upon the life beyond the grave. Will you please inform us whether he is in error or not?"]

MY FRIENDS:—All persons in earth life as you all know, "have the flesh and the devil to contend with," and no one succeeds in overcoming all the influences that are charged to the account of his "satanic majesty;" but those who make the effort, team after coming here, if not before, that the effort to do so has been in some way passed to their credit, even though they did not succeed very well; the intention and good endeavor appears to have been of as much value as real success in such matters. In my case, the credit side of the account was not alarmingly great, for I had not been very anxious to overcome either "the flesh or the devil," and to answer your question compels me to review, or open the first pages of the book of my life on this side; but I have had so much of this confessing business, and undoing things connected with that life since coming here, that it does not worry me as it did at first; in fact, I am ready to admit that confessing wrong-doing is good for the soul and is a help to progressing or growing into better conditions; therefore if I can help any poor blinded soul in earth life to see what is before them, I am willing to make a sacrifice to do so, because I have journeyed along all those paths and would be glad to save others from the fiery furnace I have passed through.

Please say to your friend that he will know something about that after he has learned the first lessons of life upon this side of the grave. I would be glad to say to him and the many associates I left in earth life, that so far as I have been able to learn, there is no death to the real man, and I was astonished at the effect it had upon me. There was no getting away from the conditions I brought with me for one of restfulness; there was none of the Universalist "changing in the twinkling of an eye" in mine, I assure you, for I had to purify myself to a great degree by my own efforts and desire to get rid of the bad that I brought into this life.

Death is a change that landed me into a country as real as that I came from; yet none of you are, nor was I, ready to take the journey; in fact, I was not even asked if I wanted to do so, but was gathered up with very little warning and very soon realized that the way I had lived before had everything to do with my happiness here. I was always watching out for fun and enjoyment in earth life, but have often wished that the memory of very much of the pleasure in "sowing wild oats," could have been blotted out or buried with the body. Do not be misled with the idea that death will make you any better than you really are, but remember that death only releases the real man or soul, from the mortal, and places you before the gathering throng upon this side in your true light, who at once could repeat to you the whole story of your earth career, as plainly marked upon the garment, your life there had woven around you; and the most humiliating fact is, that you see yourself as others see you. I passed through the change known by you as death very quickly, and found it difficult to realize what had happened to me. The place I was in, upon waking here, was entirely new to me, but I appeared to be the same man as before, and that was the first stumbling block that confronted me. I knew myself, but where the deuce was I, was the question; finally I decided I was "dead," and that did not make me very happy, for my surroundings were not so very pleasant; when the fact that I was really "dead" had been settled, the real circus commenced. It is wonderful how this process opens up and aids your memory to recall things long buried and forgotten in earth life.

Ask your enquiring friend how he would enjoy a panorama, where his whole life was vividly passing before him, sowing wild oats, and all the rest, and be obliged to stay until the show was ended. Do you think a fellow who had lived a jolly life below, would feel like singing a joyful song at the close of the performance? I saw that kind of a circus and it was a free show, but gave me no happiness, for many things were pictured on that canvas that I supposed were buried entirely out of remembrance. Perhaps the effects of habits and appetites are buried with the body; if so, they get here about as soon as we do, and I guess they come right along in the same boat, and very soon make it manifest that in some way that memory sticks very close to us. I would have been very glad to have been blotted out of existence then, but now am glad that many of my first prayers were not answered.

Earth life is a good school in which to develop the spirit of selfishness, and most men learn the lesson very readily, and it looks to those on this side that the more selfish men are the greater things they expect from those upon this side, in the way of evidence of immortality. Men often forget an old saying, that "birds of a feather flock together," and therefore there may be some process of purifying for them to go through in order to attract the angels from this world of loving kindness. I am informed that the messengers from this world to those in earth life, are obliged to draw from the aura, or magnet-

ism of those they approach, in order to come in rapport and be enabled to communicate in any way. If this is so, and there is no doubt about it, I do not wonder that the selfish and sensual fail to receive personal tests of spirit life.

It has been through persistent effort and the constant aid of angel ones on this side that has enabled me to outgrow some of the effects of my "jolly life" on earth, and I assure you that it was like clearing up unbroken ground that had grown up with brush and thorns. My experience with what was left of alcoholism was something beyond explaining. Fire and brimstone probably would make a man very uncomfortable, but the effect of "rum and conscience," as a torturing process, is about as perfect as need be thought of. Please say to your materialistic friend that it is not well to be deceived with the idea that none of the effects of such habits reach into the life beyond the grave, for having entered into the fun of life there, and also passed through the lesson on this side, I know that there are many things you will be certain to suffer for after coming over here, and my advice is to be careful about sowing wild oats, for the harvest will certainly be a disappointment later on.

Those coming into this life from paths of intemperance, selfishness and sensuality will not be smothered with flowers, or confused with the sweet songs of birds, nor distracted by the smiles of angels of purity upon first awakening upon this side of life, for that is not the experience of any such, so far as I can learn. Some of the places I passed through were perfectly free from anything like music of any kind, and should any of your friends, or mine, in earth life, expect to enjoy this life beyond the grave, they had better look over the map and take the old road that has always been run by the company of "faith, hope, charity and loving kindness to your fellow man," including your own as well as the rest of the poor souls on the way. That road is old fashioned but perfectly reliable, and the stock always carries a dividend that will procure a pass to some station on this side where flowers bloom and angel ones will be glad to greet you and exchange your credentials, or certificate of stock, for something of real value upon this side that will at least prove to be a staff to lean upon as you journey along the beautiful, instead of the lonely paths in the spirit world where I journeyed for some time with very little hope of ever finding a haven of rest. Yes, my friends, there is life upon this side, and your memory of earth life will ever be with you for joy or sorrow. "Thus endeth the first lesson" from a poor pilgrim of earth, known there as

SAM P. KENYON.

(Written for the Golden Gate.)

Growing Old.

BY HUDSON TUTTLE.

What a glad fact it is that as we grow old the days shorten, and time rushes with even accelerating pace! The weeks are days and the days hours, all too short for the work we wish to crowd into them.

In life's morning the day before us stretched out and away into the dim vista, and at night the morning seemed so far away, we forgot its events. There was infinite time, and we wondered at people who had no time. What became of their time? How did they dispose of it, when time to us was the most cheap and common. The steep ascent of the mountain of life was laborious, but we soon had burdens laid on us, and duties which we were compelled to perform. One pathway over the flinty rocks had to be hewn with our own hands, the way cleared, and day by day came new cares, and to do all that was required of us filled full the measure of each day. Then the time shortened. Then we understood the necessity of haste. We reached the summit. The whole way had been up hill. The sun has come to the meridian and shines with increasing splendor. We can pause for a brief moment on the grand divide and while the past stretches down the slope into the grey East, to the west down and away to the remote skyline is our future. If the sun passes and low down casts lengthening shadows, we hurry and are hurried on the nearing goal, feeling that though weary there is not time remaining to perform all that there is for us to do. Such a vast amount of obligations, such intimate dependencies reach out near and remote, it seems we have done little else than contract alliances, and gather the sheaves for others to thresh the grain.

The sun passes into the golden glory of the West, and our journey is now not up a toilsome path, but descends by gentle inclinations. We have learned the grand lesson of doing, of sustained effort, and what were burdens become delights. We have double lives, a conscious present, and the delicious memories of the past. We stir the embers of recollection, and they flame with beauty, for even from our remembered pain there comes a sad pleasure, and life has many joys. If we have lived rightly we have learned time is measured by actions, and have gained the meaning of the legend carved over the grand central entrance of the Cathedral of Milan: "That only is important which is eternal." Religion has taught us with her silvery voice of charity to little purpose if the affairs of this life do not begin to merge into the boundless realm that extends in mystery beyond the clouds of life's setting sun.

(Written for the Golden Gate.)

Universal Nature and Man.

BY A. F. MELCHERS.

Man, as an epitome of the universe, comprises, like the cause, three specific divisions—soul, spirit, and body, and each of which is analogous to the original, namely, intelligent or divine nature, spiritual or magnetic nature, and physical or material nature. The first constitutes that portion of nature or the universe as a whole, which is intelligent and the most active, and consequently the governing power of the other divisions, or of the exterior, as it were—the first named or interior division being the law center of life in the universe, and may be found existing as one grand, universal force center on which the whole revolves, or is dependent for support, or as specific force centers in the various firmaments of stars, in each sun, in every planet, and in the individual life entity, and by reaching the center of one we come in rapport with the whole, because every such force or law center comprises an emanation from the original, and forms an accordant vibration with it from the fact that it is a counterpart of the same.

In like manner the other divisions of nature vibrate or harmonize together, so that every particle of matter, not only in this universe, is connected by a vibrating influence, or effect each other in some way, but all matter in existence is thus connected, and accounts for the reason why one planet is enabled to influence another. So one sun affects another, and every firmament of stars outside of this one effect each other to a degree, or are connected through one universal, vibrating influence. It is through this means that the sensitive is affected by planetary conditions outside of his own, or may psychometrize another planet, and thus pass from one to another; and with a powerful force of soul is enabled to extend his sensing power to other suns, and from thence through space, and locate the position of other firmaments or universes.

The medium for all this is magnetism or refined electricity, the fluidic essence of which spiritual nature is composed or constituted, and which also comprises the substance of which man's spirit body or spirit is composed, and which, as a medium, constitutes the intermediary state of nature between the central and outer condition—thus combining intelligence and matter, soul and body, into one condition or a unity of action and one universal vibration—such constituting universal nature and man as a human being or a mortal life entity.

In the latter condition man inhabits physical or material nature, or the grossest portion of nature, but may become cognizant of spiritual or magnetic nature by resisting the material or overcoming its demands in the way of self-denial—thus unfolding his own spirit nature, and thereby becoming sensitive to its influences, whether of spiritual nature itself or of individual life entities, and through which unfoldment he becomes what has been termed a psychometrist. And by unfolding his soul qualifications in the way of love, will-power, or intellectuality, he actuates the inner life condition, and thus comes in rapport with divine or intelligent nature, thus giving him a comprehension of laws, forces, and causes in general.

Introspection is the stepping-stone to both, and as he allays his animal forces or his material impetus, his spiritual nature becomes active, making him sensitive to supermundane conditions; and through the exercise of his intelligence for purely divine purposes, as in the form of benevolence, charity, sympathy, etc., his soul nature becomes active with the above-named results. The latter brings him in harmonious vibration with the purely intelligent or divine portion of nature in comparison to the growth, volume, or force of soul attained in the course of his existence—a superior activity of soul or intelligent vibration over the rest completing the accord, only that the central or law condition of nature has no demarcation line, and the soul's penetration into its causal depths may continue forever—such being the eternal progress in store for man after the so-called positive condition has been attained.

If not attained in earth-life, he enters spiritual nature after death of the physical body, and there continues his mental or intelligent unfoldment of soul—provided he is not hampered by discords, regrets or an uneasy conscience by past deeds of an unspiritual or ungodly nature. In this event he is held fast by material nature despite his disconnection from a material body, and is in a worse predicament than one still inhabiting a physical body, for the discordant spirit is in an analogous state to a diseased mortal, and has either to work out his salvation in connection with mortals, if suitable conditions can be found; or, if unable to do this in consequence of extreme discords or peculiarity of conditions, must find an abiding place where he can be cared for, nursed or attended to in some way to prevent suffering.

Perverse spirits, who have no discords which cause suffering, are often cared for against their inclinations to prevent them from doing mischief to mortals or undeveloped and ignorant spirits, and are permitted to come in contact with mortals, when it is for the latter's benefit, or to benefit both by interchange of thought—the mortal learning the nature of himself

by being obsessed or controlled for this effect, while the spirit obtains glimpses of higher light while in the passive state which obsession forces on him.

Thus spirits who do not reach the positive condition in earth-life are cared for according to their specific necessities, but those that do, naturally gravitate beyond the demarcation line of this intermediate state and find themselves in the more ethereal realms and away from material influences, its laws, forces, disturbances, discords, etc., and withal constitute the so-called perfected souls, relatively speaking. Having become positive to matter, they have no previous development to undergo before beginning their purely intelligent existence. As such they are neither confined to the planet from which they were evolved, and are now free to roam beyond the earth's sphere to other planets. But to reach this state before passing over man must free himself from all material desires, earthly ambitions, human emotions and fancies, and thus accord the soul nature the power of penetrating to the central sphere of life, and there remain until sufficiently strong to hold its own, as it were—every material impulse or thought overbalancing the soul's motions, and causing it to gravitate earthward, or to the exterior sphere of nature, and causing unnecessary delay in making up the loss again by extra soul effort.

A good feeling toward all mankind is the best inheritance which the soul can take along in this event, for it has the most potency in keeping it above the material, or retaining its equilibrium as a purely soul being. Partiality is not universal love, and rather inclines toward the selfish, for in most such cases man pleases himself and not the one on whom his devotions are centered. To love for the purpose of attaining personal happiness is a selfish form of love, and proves that coldness exists for others, and which unfeeling attitude toward others often becomes a force of habit which ends in hatred. Some have it dormant as an inherent evil, and only manifest it as coldness toward some of their fellow-men; and when sympathy or conscientiousness is lacking it is even felt for children, and the one who can not overlook the shortcomings of a child and retains an unfeeling bearing toward it in consequence, is far from that form of love which is broad in its impetus and knows no difference in sex, color, creed, or nationality. Such love is attained by forgetting self, both in a worldly and a personal sense—by laying aside pride, conceit, haughtiness, and having consideration for others without regard to self, and in the minutest affairs of life.

Self-pity, an uncontrollable disdain for others, and a coldness difficult to overcome, are the silent tell-tales of selfishness co-mingled with haughtiness or pride, and thus the lack of intuition or foresight into the future, and the lack of faith in higher guidance that such are troubled with. Its opposite, universal love, or love accompanied by humility, has an opposite effect on the possessor—making him intuitive, prophetic, cheerful, and happy, and withal causing his soul to bubble up with joy at times, almost too sweet for mortal man to bear. It is the precursor to that which is to follow—a coalition with divine nature, both in rapport and in person, and constitutes the aim of life—the human soul or man an individualized counterpart of universal nature!

Not to be Explained.

(From the Kansas City Journal.)

Just a few evenings ago, at a small dinner party, Prof. Clarke of the geodetic survey, who was once a student at Cornell, in the same class with Gov. Foraker of Ohio, told me of a strange experience he once had in New York with Mme. Blavatsky, the notorious Theosophist.

He wished to test her supposed supernatural powers, and see for himself if she could do any of the wonderful things alleged, of which Julian Hawthorne is so fond of writing. He called and stated the object of his errand. The madam was seated in an arm-chair at one end of her room. She was gracious, polite, volatile, and agreeable. There was a center table in the room.

"Write a letter personally to yourself," she said, "about something known only to yourself, and seal it."

"Drop it on the floor near the table," she said. She put her hand near the carpet, pointed with one finger, and the letter came to her. She took it up and made a motion as if she would open it.

"I beg your pardon," said the disturbed Professor. "That is a personal and private letter."

"Oh, I will not open it," was the reply. "If you look upon the table you will find a copy of it."

She handed the sealed letter to Prof. Clarke. He went to the table and saw an exact copy of his letter in his own handwriting upon another sheet of paper.

"Seal that up," said Mme. Blavatsky, "and when you get home you will find it under the table in your study."

"I put on my hat, thoroughly frightened," he said to me, "and got out of the house as soon as I could, and rushed home. I found the copy of my letter just as she said I would."

"How do you explain it," I asked. "There is no explanation," was the reply.

Letter from Dr. Gould.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE.

Some two or three weeks ago I was invited to attend a seance of materialization at the residence of Mr. Wheeler, a highly respected and wealthy citizen of San Diego, and was pleased to find assembled at his house some twenty persons comprising some of our most influential and respected residents. The medium (Mrs. Elsie Reynolds) had never been in Mr. Wheeler's house, as all the arrangements were made in her absence. A dark curtain was simply drawn across one corner of the parlor and the audience seated as usual. The medium invited a committee of ladies, to examine her clothing, before entering the cabinet, and they reported all her underclothing, and skirt, was of a dark fabric, and they were satisfied that no white material was concealed on her person by which she might array herself as a spirit. Mrs. Reynolds then took a seat in front of the curtain while the audience sang as customary in all seances. In a few moments the curtains parted and a female form stood in plain view of the audience. After this form had retired to the cabinet one of the mediums controls (Effie), came to the apparatus and spoke to different persons present. The medium then entered the cabinet and in a very short time a spirit led her to the front of the cabinet, then in quick succession, the forms of men, women, and children large and small appeared and conversed with friends present. One remarkable test of the evening was the appearance of a tall form coming out into the room looking excitedly around, inquiring, "where is my sister?" no one replying, she approached one of the sitters, exclaiming, "here she is!" and after recognition and while standing in plain view, a second form began to gradually rise from the floor until it reached an apparent height of some five feet four inches, and then glided into the cabinet.

Other remarkable manifestations took place of a similar character rendering the seance a complete success in every particular. The medium certainly had no confederate with her, neither could she divide herself into these forms, or converse and sing from the deep voice of a man down to that of a lisping child. Some hard skeptics were that night converted, (as our orthodox friends term it) and have fallen into our ranks, not only as believers, but as friends of Mrs. Reynolds, justly esteeming her womanly worth as well as good mediumship.

Recognizing her labors in this city, a home is being provided for her permanent residence here, as a means to successfully carry on the good work, under the most favorable conditions.

Voices from the spirit world have ever echoed and re-echoed the necessity of surrounding our mediums with elements of harmony and quiet, and let all Spiritualists elsewhere use all possible means to protect, defend and sustain their medium as is being done in this city. Mrs. Reynolds' friends here join with me in wishing her many, many happy years to come while engaged in the cause we are determined to support. Yours for truth,

H. W. GOULD.

SAN DIEGO, Jan. 25, 1888.

A Correction.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE.

In my statement made in a letter some weeks ago there was a mistake which I am desirous, in justice to all concerned, to have corrected. I wrote to you soon after the account was published by you that the parties concerned denied it, although it had appeared in the *World* and the *Herald* of this city. The *World* has contradicted it, but the *Herald* will not. I have never before been caught by a false report, generally preferring to let a story go rather than have Spiritualists accused wrongfully. My indignation was aroused at the statement, for I knew the subject of it long ago in Rochester, when it was more to be a Spiritualist than it is now.

I am assured by Mrs. Beach, who none who know her will dispute, that there was no truth in the statement. The body was brought to the house of Mrs. Stoddard Gray for no other reason than for a convenient room for the funeral, and everything was conducted in good order. The story was, I am fully assured, made out of whole cloth by a couple of penny-a-liners who were present.

E. W. CAPRON.

NEW YORK, 235 East street.

LINNAEUS, the famous botanist, once constructed a clock of flowers. It was calculated on his observation of the different hours at which each of those that composed it falls asleep. In allusion to this beautiful contrivance, a celebrated foreign author, Richter, thus speaks: "It is best to measure thy years, not by the water clock of falling tears, but by the flower clock of thankfulness and praise."—F. L. Frothingham.

REV. THOMAS K. BEECHER says: "I have dismissed the fear of death and the uncertainty of life from my repertory of motives. They no longer figure in my exhortations."

Money and time both have their value. He who makes a bad use of one will never make a good use of the other.

Reply to Questions for Reincarnationists in No. 21 of the Golden Gate.

MAX KLEIN.—I greet you from my niche on Time's hill, as one pilgrim over the ascendant path that leads into the realm of deep thought might greet another, and from this same niche I send you the words that touch my soul like a thought baptism, as I wait where the light of inspiration falls like a halo. The voice within the halo says: No, if people suffer in a particular manner, it is not positive evidence that at some other attachment to a material form they have been the means of the same suffering to others, or that they were in low conditions of soul growth; yet it is a positive truth that all have at some time occupied inferior grounds, otherwise there would be no such thing as progression. In all points must the children of the Infinite be tried, or they know not whether or no they have actually recorded soul-growth.

To the second question the answer is: Evolution is true, though the truth thereof belongs to law. Law records its progress in matter, which is the recording page. Thus you see it is not matter that is evolved, but law, and the expression thereof is set up in material type for a record at which material eyes can gaze. No, there is no spirit embodied in any animal form, because the greater cannot be immersed into the lesser.

Embodiment and re-embodiment are not expressive terms; they tell not the whole truth. The word *attachment* comes much nearer the exact line. Whatever has form, be it animal, vegetable, or otherwise, has its counterpart or soul form, in which is enshrined the spirit; and the spirit of man, instead of being immersed in the material form, is enshrined in the soul or astral form, and attached to the material form through the electric power at the brain and the magnetic power at the heart. This is entirely different from the instructions of the past, and but few will accept it, yet it is true nevertheless.

When there occurs what is termed taking the life of animals, or picking flowers, the result is this. The soul form exists in the soul realm to which its unfoldment naturally bears it, and there remains until the demand centered in the soul chalice calls for greater unfoldment through material attachment. Flowers, in their successive attachments to material form, go higher and higher, until they bloom in the immortal realms from whence no further attachments are made. In this way all the realms are in receipt of flowers just adapted to them. Animals also become unfolded in the same manner through their relation to material conditions. Among both flowers, and animals beneath man, (in man is recorded the power of the highest creative law) there is a dividing line that separates those destined to become immortal from the non-immortal class. All animals wherein is enshrined only the lesser god, or that which is termed evil, without one ascendant gleam that points upward, become in time obliterated. This same condition is shown in the lesser plants; those in which the soul form holds only evil cease to exist; while all animals that hold within their souls gleams of the ascendant god become immortal, and, so far as is known, go on in progressive paths. The principle of right that exists in the taking of animal life is simply that of might. This is the general principle, to which certain conditions weave their own proper exceptions.

To the third question the answer is already given, but I will repeat, the astral form is the soul or enshriner of the spirit, by and through which it became separated from the Central Power or Mind, and by and through which it became individualized while yet in the luminous center.

Fourth—Mental Scientists do not work against natural law, and they cannot therefore hinder old age. Even worlds grow old and disintegrate. The soul would forever be in bondage were it not that the "silver cord is loosened and the golden bowl broken."

In material type must be recorded all the conditions of the mind, else no one could see the state thereof; therefore, if the mind be diseased, the body, which is the recording page, expresses it. You have overlooked this one point, pilgrim Mar: a cut, bruise, or gunshot wound is not disease, but the recording page of mind, and can be remedied only by action of the law that is related to accidents. No Mental Scientist could restore an amputated limb, because that also would come under the head of accident, and not of disease.

So you see, my fellow pilgrim, where the path leads; then I will step out from under the halo of benediction, and, from my niche on Time's hill, bid you "Good By, and God Speed." CORINUS RUTH.

LIFE THE WORLD OVER.—When Peter of Corinto was engaged on a picture for the Royal Palace of Pisa, Ferdinand II. particularly admired the representation of a weeping child. "Has your Majesty," said the painter, "a mind to see how easy it is to make the child laugh?" And, suiting the action to the word, the artist merely depressed the corner of the lips and the extremity of the eyebrows, when the little arch seemed in danger of bursting its sides with laughter, who in a moment before was breaking his heart with weeping. If this be true in the world of living men, slight, very slight are the causes that make or break the happi-

ness of life. The touch of a brush can dim heaven with a cloud, or brighten the prospect of the fair horizon.

Some Thoughts on Re-Incarnation.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

Your ever glorious paper of Jan. 7th came promptly to hand Jan. 13th. It is most excellent, full of good things. Mr. Colville's lecture, "How to Insure a Happy New Year," is truly inspiring, and will certainly help to usher in the Golden Era of selfishness and good deeds. Your own editorials are as usual a sermon in a nutshell. I always resolve to profit by them. Receive congratulations that you and yours furnished conditions whereby you obtained that wonderful picture portraying the faces of four of your spirit friends, through the mediumship of Dr. and Mrs. Henry Rogers. When we remember the years that Dr. Rogers patiently "worked and waited" to unfold these gifts, it ought to encourage others in well-doing. Hudson Tuttle's article in this issue seems to settle the agnostics with his unanswerable logic. Your selections of poetry are especially good, and "Re-Incarnation, or The Baby in the Cradle," is pleasing to the fancy. And this brings me to the point I wish to give a thought or so upon.

I read always with pleasure John Wetherbee's contributions to the various papers that advocate our cause, and seldom find any sentiments that disagree from mine; but in this article, "Facts and Fragments," he seems to dispose of the theory of re-incarnation by saying that he does not see any reasonableness in the theory or subject thereof. Mr. Wetherbee must have read very much "pro and con" on this question in all our spiritual literature of the last twenty years, as have others. It is now at least seventeen years since I heard Miss Jennie Leys give utterance to the idea of re-incarnation at Apollo Hall, New York, and from that time to this, I have continuously read or heard from the press and platform the assurance of the truth of re-incarnation or repeated embodiments; and while I at first shrank from the thought, fearing, like Bro. Wetherbee, that "I might not meet the loved ones over there," yet as the spiritual perceptions are unfolded and illuminated, one can accept the thought and feel the justice and love in the opportunity to complete and perfect growth of soul by various experiences in mortal form in earth-life or on other planetary bodies.

Very few of our inspired speakers deny re-incarnation, while most all of them teach it in some form or other. I attended a private class of Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond's two winters ago, wherein lessons were given to a large number of most intelligent and cultured Spiritualists on the "Origin and Destiny of the Human Soul." This opportunity enabled me to comprehend the wisdom and necessity of various mortal embodiments; but I could not explain these teachings in a satisfactory manner to others, nor were we encouraged by Mrs. Richmond's guides to do so, but rather to let the ideas take root and germinate within our inmost being.

W. J. Colville's guides have taught this idea, and very logically elaborated the wisdom and justice of this opportunity afforded the spirit to acquire a perfection of the soul entity. At the same time, Mr. Colville's guides have said that perhaps it was not wise to agitate this disputed theory. And the inspired of Mr. Walter Howell also teach that the soul has repeated expressions in mortal embodiments. Some guides agree Mrs. Lillie's (then Mrs. Shepard) guides were very frequently explaining to me their theory of re-incarnation, which differed in some particulars from that of the others whom I have mentioned.

Mrs. F. O. Hyzer has frequently lectured in Brooklyn upon re-incarnation, and once I was so uncertain if she affirmed the truth of re-incarnation that I asked a number of people present at the close of the lecture (among the number Mr. Chas. R. Miller and Prof. Carpenter) if she said it was true. While they all expressed delight and pleasure with the lecture, it was "splendid," "profound," etc., yet they could not be sure if she declared it true; so I asked Mrs. Hyzer herself, "Is re-incarnation true?" Said she to me, "Do you want to live again in an earthly body?" I answered, "Yes, if I can, have a better organization to express my soul." "Then you can," said Mrs. Hyzer. At another time, when she had just lectured upon re-incarnation, she said to me, "Mrs. Ruggles, did I please you better to-night on this question?" I answered, "Yes." Said Mrs. Hyzer, "Let me lecture on this theme five years and I can tell you something about it."

Mrs. Nellie T. Brigham handles this question very discreetly, but now and then she more than hints that there is some truth in it, and tells us of the doctrine taught in ancient times of metempsychosis of the return of the spirit of man to inhabit lower forms of life. Surely Bro. Wetherbee has the mental ability to explore the realms of being, and give us some better thoughts regarding re-incarnation than appear in the GOLDEN GATE of Jan. 7th, although he replies to Mr. A. B. Brown in a style suited to Mr. Brown's ideas on the subject, no doubt. Let us have light, more light, as Spiritualism possesses the key to unlock the problems of the universe. Fraternally,

E. B. ROGGER.
BROOKLYN, NEW YORK, Jan. 15, 1888.

The Difficulties of Mediumship.

The work of mediums is by no means a sure road to happiness, although it has for its object the advancement of human beings in a spiritual direction.

It may be divided into three classes. The work proper, spirit inspiration, including prophetic illumination, physical or material manifestation, and healing. All of these have professedly been copied or imitated to such a degree that many who have become professional mediums have been classified as humbugs, and are loathe to go on with their work till they have been justified, or at least upheld by a sufficient number of their brethren, to condemn their adversaries and give them opportunity for later self-conviction.

That this has happened not unfrequently is proven by the fact that some of the most bitter opponents of Spiritualism, formerly, are now among the most earnest workers as well as disciples. To search diligently to be almost always followed by conversion, that is if the earnestness has not been forestalled by bigotry or intolerance of conditions, forced upon by the laws that govern mediumistic phenomena.

If, for example, a photographer should be told by a stranger to his art, "You may take my picture, but it must be done in my own way; it must not leave my sight till it is developed; I can not go into a dark room with you; you might deceive me, or substitute something there which might resemble me for what you pretend the sun has just taken. There must be no test conditions in regard to it. Give me the broad daylight for my investigations, and I will be satisfied." "But I can not do so; strong daylight would be fatal to the picture; I can not produce one." "Then it is a humbug; I do not believe in it."

Just as sensible have been the criticisms of the inquiring multitude, represented by the Seybert Commission, the Harvard Commission years ago, and other bodies of scientific men—all so willing to be convinced, provided it could be done after their own fashion, and under their own special control.

The magnetic aura, a principle of life, has not as yet been considered of sufficient importance by the scientist, who prefers the tangible form of materialized life to the more subtle forms with which he is unacquainted. It is an impossibility to science, therefore it does not exist, is the beginning and end of all their investigations. Impossible! What is impossible to the mind which can contemplate for a moment the magnitude of space, and the forces which must necessarily be employed to hold in its grasp the myriads of worlds that are held together therein? Is it impossible that a finer principle of attraction may not exist, which binds together a spiritual atmosphere as well as a material which surrounds our earth and our bodies as a part of the earth, holding them in close connection, bringing spiritual forces constantly to bear upon them? This being the case, which we assume it is, is there any reason that the aura of the atmosphere of the earth may not be utilized, or authorized to carry messages into earth-life, as electricity carries them from one place to another, through the physical or grosser atmosphere of the earth?

But who knows this? says the savant. Who has ever heard of it but a parcel of lunatics, who, even if they decide themselves, are not going to deceive us with their table tipping, gyrations and muscular contortions, which announce the coming of the supposed spirits? We should be worse than foolish to accept it. Show us how you do it, and as laymen in the cause of truth, we will sit at your feet as disciples, but let there be no test conditions. All must be open and above board.

But how about the telegraph? Are there no test conditions there? Is there no medium between the two extremes which the message has to travel? Who sees the subtle fluid as it passes over the wires? It reaches its destination, is replied to, and yet who can say they saw the winged messenger in its flight, and who can positively say there has been no collusion and a trick at bottom? How stupid! we think we hear you say, to ask such a question. And yet there are hundreds and thousands of ignorant people all over the world who would not hesitate to laugh in your face at the hint of such a possibility as sending messages in such an incredibly short space of time, over so large a portion of the earth's footstool.

This difficulty has to be met and conquered by the large band of mediums and Spiritualists now endeavoring to enlighten the world in this new science. Do the Seyberts reject it? Are they not to be classed among the ignorant? If the Harvards refuse illumination, are they not as blind leaders of the blind, and will they not eventually be plunged into the ditch their own willful ignorance is preparing for them? Can we have no assistance from these eminent lights of the world who presume upon the pre-eminence of their position as scientists, refusing any new light which approaches them till it comes through their own prescribed channel, no matter how narrow the channel, how tortuous the approach? While representation of a single new fact, claimed to be such by a party of so-called fanatics known to be honest, reliable, or at least truthful, is not to be established as a fact till science has claimed it, owned it

as such, bound it in fetters, and introduced it as a new item, to be added to the already long lists of isms, of which, after all, we know so little as to be almost nothing. Heretofore, science has ignored us; hereafter, we may be called upon to establish a new fact which will assist her in her developments, and make our religion so important a part of her philosophy that she can no longer ignore us, when one, at least, of the difficulties of mediumship will be avoided and perhaps superseded by a trust in their truth.

C. E. S.

A Young Oakland Medium.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

Oakland has developed a wonderful medium in the person of Ruth Randolph, a young girl of sixteen or eighteen, who resides at 760 Sixth street, near Market.

The other day we visited her rooms, and spent a most interesting hour in which she told me the particulars of her mediumship, and gave clear evidence of the genuineness of her powers.

Up to three months ago Miss Randolph declared that she never suspected her peculiar gift, and, indeed, knew little about Spiritualism, having always considered it a snare for the over-credulous and superstitious. At the time above specified a friend of hers was trying to see if she could get the pencil to write for her, and begged Miss Randolph to put her hand on the slate, which she did, and almost immediately a message was addressed to the latter from a lady they both had known in earth-life. A few days after this occurrence, Miss Randolph saw this same spirit, who was accompanied by a Mexican girl whom she called Mercedes. "At first," she says, "I was very much frightened and came very near fainting, but this feeling was soon overcome by their extreme naturalness. I did not know Mercedes when she lived here, but had often heard of her through mutual friends. She is one of my controls, and advises me in everything. Then her presence made me nervous and unhappy, but now it is just the reverse. My health is greatly improved."

On New Year's Day several well-known citizens took part in a seance with Miss Randolph and had a remarkable test of materialization. Flowers were brought to the medium of a variety never before seen by any of the party. They described them as "waxy and unnatural and possessed of a strong, sweet perfume, not unlike that of the tuberose." They put them in a cup of water, where they watched them for a couple of hours, and then they slowly dematerialized before their eyes, seeming to disappear in the water. The morning after this manifestation, Miss Randolph said she was counting out the weekly wash, when she was suddenly aware of the same peculiar odor that came with the flowers on the previous day. Glancing toward the cup, in which the water still remained, she was astonished to see the flowers had returned, having exactly the same appearance as before. In great excitement she summoned the lady of the house, and the two women gazed fascinated on the bouquet, both perceiving at the same instant, when the blossoms commenced to fade back into the liquid. This time the phenomenon did not continue longer than ten minutes.

At our hostess' suggestion, we gathered around a small table for a sitting, she bringing forward a slate and piece of pencil, the latter larger than I had ever before seen used by mediums. When it came to write, which it did almost immediately, one had the impression that it was being guided by a careful hand that made definite pause to cross the t's and dot the i's. In my other experiences with slate-writers, the writing has always been done with almost electric rapidity. We felt the touch of light fingers on our wrists and hands which, from our relative positions, could not possibly have been the medium's. There was no one else in the house but ourselves, and when a small dinner-bell was rung violently in the adjoining room, some one said: "I wish it could be brought to us," and before the words were hardly out the bell was dropped at Dr. Stockham's feet. The stranger part of it is the fact that the doors and windows of the room in which we sat were all closed, the day being an exceedingly cold one.

Miss Randolph then held the slate before the mirror, and we could see in the glass the pencil moving across its surface, forming intelligible messages. We saw nothing in the respectful, unassuming manners of this young girl to warrant the suspicion of deception or trickery of any kind. Besides, we prided ourselves on having borne in mind during the entire interview the words of a wise proverb: "The simple believeth every word; but the prudent man looketh well to his going." N. E.

PHYSICIANS (to patient).—"Your case is a very serious one, sir, and I think a consultation had better be held." Patient (too sick to care for anything).—"Very well, Doctor; have as many accomplices as you like."—*The Epoch*.

Why need we talk of a fiery hell? If the will, which is the law of our nature, were withdrawn from our memory, fancy, understanding, and reason, no other hell could equal, for a spiritual being, what we should then feel from the anarchy of our powers. It would be conscious madness—a horrid thought.—*S. T. Coleridge*.

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Reading Up.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE.

During confinement to the house the past week, on account of a bad cold, I have found time to finish reading some numbers of the GOLDEN GATE that had to be laid away in the Summer unfinished.

Some articles by J. Waldemar Tonner are very suggestive. They arraign Spiritualism and Spiritualists for various shortcomings. Perhaps our Brother has good cause for complaint in the want of harmony among Spiritualists and their want of charity for each other, also their not being as a body up to the standard of himself and friend Shepard in matters æsthetical.

We all regret that these things should be so, and ought, by all means, to try to remedy these defects. But is he not altogether "off" in quitting a good cause and a great truth for such reasons, and going amongst those where he has got to stultify himself if he assimilates with them, and "side-track" his reason and common sense if he subscribes to their tenets? Any priest who should announce to the world that Jesse Shepard, a spirit medium, was furnishing the holy Catholic Church with music through the phenomenal part of Spiritualism, not glossing it over with churchly parlance, would fare no better than did Father McGlynn at the hands of the Pope.

Allowing his complaint to be well founded of the lack of taste and refinement among spiritualist congregations (which I most emphatically deny as far as my observation goes), does he find it average any better where he has gone? Does he feel any more pride in the people that surround him now, than he would among such congregations as we see at our Temple, or at Washington or Irving Hall, or even among the crowds that are attracted to Mrs. Whitney's meetings by the phenomena that get the proof from their friends on the other side, and get not only the proof but comfort that "sticks."

Two weeks ago I was at one of those meetings at Odd Fellows' Hall, and sat by the side of a gray-haired attorney, formerly of Stockton, now of San Francisco. We were in the gallery looking down upon the "sea of heads," and he made this remark: "It is not often we see an audience drawn together in such numbers with such a development of brain."

But suppose we were not up to Brother Waldemar's standard in taste and culture, was that good cause for quitting us? How was it with the Great Master "who spake as never man spake," and into whose church our Brother thinks he has gone? Did he make any such conditions for his associates? Did he not rather take the unlettered fishermen and tent makers, as well as those of more learning? And it was even said of him, "This man receiveth sinners and eateth with them."

To the question, "What has Spiritualism done in forty years," we must admit that Spiritualists have not given of their means as they should have done to build halls, found institutions, and help the cause along.

There is no class or sect which ought to realize so plainly as Spiritualists the egregious folly, not to say wickedness, of hoarding up wealth here, and not using it while living to do good with; for no other people have the celestial wires so laid as to bring to them from the supernal world the fact of the terrible misery of a soul that has lived only for self—who had the means of doing vast good, but held on to it till too late. Communications innumerable have come over the wires from those who once were rich, but now are poor indeed, speaking in most impressive terms of their sad condition from this cause alone, and of the reparation they had to make before peace came to them, and regretting so deeply that in this one respect they had not done differently. But these regrets came when their signature to a check was worth no more than the poorest beggar's.

If the criticism of Brother Waldemar shall have the effect to arouse Spiritualists to means to a realization of their situation in this respect, of their opportunities that will not always last, then shall we be under the greatest obligation to him. But if outside of the financial question our brother has not got a favorable answer to the question, "What good has Spiritualism done?" it is because he has not gone to the right man. Let him ask that question of the man who in a few years has lost father, mother, sister, brother, and his wife dearer than his own soul. They may all have been patterns of morality, honesty and unselfishness, but all passed on without making any "confession of faith," and by a strict construction of orthodox or Catholic dogmas are enduring the miseries of a hell out of which there is no escape throughout the endless ages of eternity. A man so afflicted will answer, "Spiritualism has done everything." Loving messages have come to him, saying: "My home is beautiful and bright." "All is well with me." "Do not mourn for me; I am so happy." "I am with you much, to help, comfort and impress you." "That dear wife is with us now—no longer a stranger sister—and when your mission is ended we will all welcome you to our glorious home."

These are not imaginary, but real messages that, with many others, have come to one afflicted soul in a few months, and raised it from the depths of despair to

where it can see the "gates ajar," and get a glimpse of that better life beyond.

But what does dogmatic theology give? Nothing—so much worse than nothing that figures are inadequate to compute the difference, or pen to portray it.

The artist's hand has tried in vain on the somber walls of many an old monastery, cathedral, or mission building, to illustrate it, but the mind of man is incapable of taking it in—with all its terrible significance.

Not three miles from where I live, on the same section of land, live two families into which the angel of death has come the past year.

In the one the mother, a very aged lady, is a good Catholic. The other family are Spiritualists, and many times has the loving message come in every way—by closed slates, the trance medium and written messages, telling of that beautiful home above, and the arisen one (the mother) sends loving assurances that she has not left the household, but is there to impress, and assist and assure them of her undying love—speaking of affairs no one else could know.

In the other family it was a son that was taken—the idol of his dear old mother. He was a pattern of filial affection, morality, uprightness and unselfishness, but could not see it to be his duty to join the Catholic Church, and on this account the old lady could get no comfort from the priest. He was beyond his reach, which to the old lady meant beyond any hope of salvation, and her despair has been complete. So literal has been her rendering of the words of the priest that for months she could find no enjoyment in the choicest luxuries or fruit that were sent in because "Willie was in misery."

This is no hypothetical case, but an actual fact. I was present, and being a friend stopped and closed his eyes in death. Now is there not a fearful responsibility somewhere for the existence of a belief having results like that?

Do those who have held it up as the best a good God has to offer to his children realize that there may come a time when the bitter chalice may be pressed to their own lips, and an awakened conscience pronounce the edict, "Depart ye into the miseries you have so persistently threatened for others?"

Should not a momentary glance of this subject cause Spiritualists to heal their differences, sink all feelings of envy or spite, all uncharitableness, and save their energies to combat, not people in the orthodox and Catholic churches, but the errors that enshroud them?

LEON M. BOWDOIN.

STOCKTON, Jan. 20, 1888.

[Written for the Golden Gate.]

Spiritualism and Metaphysics.

BY ABRA L. HOUTON.

There is a saying going about "if you want to get a religion go to Boston, and there you will find something that will surely suit your mind."

Now, one of the new phases of thought that is claimed to have been fostered and sent forth in great strength from the hub of late, to conquer and annihilate all other faiths, is the one termed metaphysics or spiritual science.

J. S. Loveland says, in *New Thought*, that "metaphysics is a deep laid scheme to capture a large portion of Spiritualists," that "the principal promulgators of it are avowed enemies of Spiritualism. And they know, if you do not, that the two are hostile to each other. Spiritualism or metaphysics must go down." The Bible is quoted and explained as though no question existed as to its authority. Jesus is appealed to as though a veritable personage, and faith is insisted upon as strongly as would Luther himself. "Do you wish to turn your circles into prayer meetings, accept Theosophy; it will lead there if followed." "We are to trust in God, and fear no evil." "We would reject it for that reason, if for no other."

Any one who can write the above must be full of prejudice against the Christian religion, and he may have cause, for what I know, as he was a minister in one of the churches for many years, I believe; but laying aside all enmity or selfishness, bigotry or pride in this argument, can not the Bible be quoted for its beautiful similes, its poetic thought, its deep prophecies, and stand beside the beautiful and true that are uttered to-day by Longfellow, Andrew Jackson Davis, Robert Dale Owen and Theodore Parker, and hosts of others, among whom we may add Colville and Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond, and not one word be out of place or out of date? All truth is immortal, ever was and ever will be; let its discovery be made by mortal man in the ages that are dead or in this hour's breath of time.

That Jesus lived and was no myth, is well attested by Flavius Josephus, and the Jewish church stands to-day a living evidence that history has come down to us in an unmutated form.

The Christian church, all well known, has made of his life and death a great fabrication out of the heathenism that surrounded the world, but when any one attempts to destroy the beautiful expressions of truth that surround that life, and the strength of his wisdom that gave the world the Sermon on the Mount and the Lord's Prayer, that person, so doing, has to part company with nearly all Spiritualists.

No metaphysician, no Spiritualist, can believe that Jesus died for any one but himself, a martyr to the truths He preached. Such minds as Paine, Franklin, O'Connor and Lincoln commune often with earth souls, and they affirm the existence of Jesus, but are not associated with him, as He has advanced on beyond them in spiritual truths.

Again, no one needs to take the Bible, or any book, or any man, as an infallible guide. Colwell says: "The manner that Jesus taught all men to love each other makes it easy for us to understand its truth; and yet we must not lean on any man; we must think for ourselves; live only to know and investigate all truth. Analyze the New Testament, taking the precious stones in it, and crushing them by our thoughts, and let them be to us as revelations, not because Jesus said them, or any man said them, but because they are true."

"We can accept a truth because it is true, no matter who said it, what it is, or where it came from, and in that way we become true metaphysicians."

Now, as to being a true Spiritualist, and I can be no other, for I have passed the bounds of the "shadow and valley" that man has invented, and stood amid those who are no longer plain to man's view, I found in spirit life—the real life—this life but a shadow. All we see here on earth have their prototypes in spirit.

"Great are the symbols of being, but that which is symbolized is greater."

Space is nothing to spirit; the deed is outdone by the doing."

Visiting the homes of the angels, looking upon the work of "world builders," listening to the counsel of the gods, and viewing their great cities, their beautiful homes and vast institutions of learning and art, their libraries compared with which those of earth would be like straw; then, coming back to earth, and finding my body or earthly robe lying where I left it, and seeing and feeling myself become once more robed in earthly garments, I am ready to affirm that "All is spirit; there is no matter," that "I and my Father are one."

Call the Father Force, Virgin Mary, God or Allah, just as any one pleases to think, I feel that I can trust in Him or Her and have no fear, and can believe that before even the earth was a ball revolving in space, I was a child of this Supreme Being, and by that great God-power I clothed myself in mortal form to will and to do the work my intelligence had to do.

"A soul, a spark of God, comes down to earth And takes upon itself the form most fit To its progress or estate."

Incaruate thus, Alike from choice and due necessity, This soul-child comes to a material plane In fulfillment of a law of justice And of God, 'e'en as a shoot needs grafting That it may bear a richer, finer fruit."

For what reason Spiritualism must be annihilated because one studies metaphysics I can not understand. Spiritualism in its purest phases is but an exponent of metaphysics. To commune with the angels is truly metaphysical, to walk and talk with departed friends is metaphysical. To a truly spiritual person, friends can come and go at will; there is no separation. Matter is the creation of the intelligence, and if one is unfolded in all their faculties, and not belief-bound, spirit communion will not be uncommon, as to-day, but the reality that it ought to be.

Instead of our circles, becoming the Christian prayer meeting, if Theosophy is embraced, they will become burning candles in candle sticks, and lights on mountain-tops, for reason will rule; there will be a rule for all that is done and all that is said; the pure spirits of the wise and learned of other days will seek them and communicate great truths, while the straying souls and dark spirits who are wandering over the spheres, seeking whom they may devour, may be able to come and listen, but not able to instruct. For the law of truth and love attracts the good and pure, not alone those who are in earthly forms, but those who are robed in celestial light.

To be a true metaphysician one has to be a Spiritualist, for how can any one but a believer in the spirit of man say to a friend, "Soul, listen to me," asking in silent thought the spirit or mind of that person to do a certain thing or think a certain thought.

Colville says, "When you treat a person, speak to his or her soul; say, 'You are spirit; there is no matter; you are a child of God; your spirit can not have any illness; it is never sick; you are a part with God; God is well, and so are you always.' Never hold people in error; the spirit of man is calm and pure like the waters deep down in the ocean bed. What you see that is evil in man is the foam and the billow of the waves, by the mortal mind, that are made or results from education, birth and surroundings."

May we take these beautiful words to our souls and if there is a deeper significance in them than appeals at first to the understanding, may it lead us to study spiritual science or metaphysics and learn that souls are angels clothed here in mortal form, each doing its own work in its own best way, each willing to live and learn to give glory to—shall I say God, it's English, and therefore plain in meaning—and peace and love to man.

Every happy home must have two bears to make it complete—bear and foobar.

An Industrial Problem.

[San Francisco Chronicle, Jan. 21.]

Solomon Heydenfeldt, Sr., and several other gentlemen of this city have recently formed an organization under the name of "The National Co-operative Homestead Society of San Francisco."

The aims and objects of this association are so philanthropic and its plans and proposed methods so peculiar as to challenge attention, especially in view of the recent agitations and bitter conflicts between capital and labor in this and other countries.

It proposes a national co-operative homestead law as a practical and peaceful solution of the capital and labor problem. It proposes to have established by law a national co-operative homestead system, with the aid and under the limited direction of the Government, under which associations may be formed of persons of good character, able and willing to earn a living for themselves and family dependents; each association comprising among its members persons capable of performing the labors necessary for the production of the staple articles of food, clothing, shelter and all the necessities of civilized life—as nearly as may be economically practicable—together with such other industries for the full employment of its members as may be found requisite for the production of a surplus for sale in outside markets, to supply deficiencies and meet their obligations to the Government.

Among the patent advantages which it is claimed will be secured by this national co-operative system are these: It will relieve the labor market at once by furnishing permanent employment to any number of citizens who may choose to avail themselves of the opportunity thus afforded. The necessary capital being advanced by the Government as a loan loan, at a low rate of interest, with easy annual payments, no delay in organizing co-operative associations would occur by reason of the onerous terms exacted by private capitalists, or of their reluctance or opposition. It will secure to its members permanent homes, with all the luxuries and comforts of life, with employment at fair wages, not only to meet their living expenses, but to enable them to lay up a surplus from their earnings, if so disposed; relieve the minds of members from fear of want incident to the uncertainty of remunerative employment under the competitive system; relieve women of many cares and burdens; subordinate labor saving machinery and new modes of distribution to their use for the equal benefit of all, instead of the few, as at present; diminish the power and privileges of wealth in favor of the masses in society; promote morality, intellectual culture, social harmony, peace and good-will, and the general prosperity and happiness of all classes.

That the Government has a right to establish such a system of co-operative labor is maintained from the tenor of the preamble to our National Constitution, which explicitly states the object of the Constitution to be "to establish justice, promote the general welfare and secure the blessings of liberty to ourselves and our posterity."

The plan is comprehensive and goes to the very foundation of our industrial system. It proposes to reform our method for the production and distribution of wealth, so that each person shall receive his equitable portion of the production of combined labor, with a permanent home and steady employment. By this method it is believed there will be eliminated from our industrial system the jealousy, envy, antagonism, deception and fraud now prevalent and considered to be inseparable from our system of universal competition, which injuriously affects both the capitalist and the laborer.

The National Co-operative Homestead Society of San Francisco has adopted a carefully prepared constitution and code of by-laws, and has elected an official board of which Hon. Solomon Heydenfeldt, Sr., is President. It is proposed to procure the enactment by Congress of an amendment to the Constitution of the United States which shall confer upon the Government the right of eminent domain in each of the States of the Union for national co-operative homestead purposes, which shall be submitted to the several States for their adoption. The law to be asked for will provide for the organization of a bureau, to be at first assigned to the Department of the Interior, but when 1000 associations shall be organized and in a healthy working condition it is to be detached therefrom and raised into a separate department of the Government to be under the direction of an officer to be known as the Secretary of Co-operative Homesteads, to be appointed by the President and confirmed by the Senate, and who shall be ex-officio a member of the Cabinet of the President.

The office of the Recording Secretary, Monroe Thompson, is at 526 Kearny street, where all desired information can be obtained respecting this movement.

If that marvelous microcosm, man with all the costly cargo of his faculties, and powers were indeed a rich argosy fitted out and freighted only for shipwreck and destruction, who among us that tolerate the present only from hope of the future, who that may have any aspirations of a high and intellectual nature about them, could be brought to the disgusting mortifications of the voyage?—Colton.

THE CENTURY MAGAZINE.

With the November, 1887, issue *The Century* commences its thirty-fifth volume with a regular circulation of almost 250,000. The War Papers and the Life of Lincoln increased its monthly edition by 100,000. The latter history having recounted the events of Lincoln's early years, and given the necessary survey of the political condition of the country, reaches a new period, with which his secretaries were most intimately acquainted. Under the caption of

LINCOLN IN THE WAR,

the writers now enter on the more important part of their narrative, viz.: the early years of the War and President Lincoln's part therein.

SUPPLEMENTARY WAR PAPERS,

following the "battles series" by distinguished generals, will describe interesting features of army life, tunneling from Libby Prison, narratives of personal adventure, etc. General Sherman will write on "The Grand Strategy of the War."

KENNAN ON SIBERIA.

Except the Life of Lincoln and the War Articles, no more important series has ever been undertaken by *The Century*, than this of Mr. Kennan's. With the progress preparation of four years' travel and study in Russia and Siberia, the author undertook a journey of 15,000 miles for the special investigation here required. An introduction from the Russian Minister of the Interior admitted him to the principal mines and prisons, where he became acquainted with some three hundred State exiles—Liberals, Nihilists, and others,—and the series will be a startling as well as accurate revelation of the exile system. The many illustrations by the artist and photographer, Mr. George A. Frost, who accompanied the author, will add greatly to the value of the articles.

A NOVEL BY EGGLESTON

with illustrations will run through the year. Shorter novels will follow by Cable and Stockton. Shorter fictions will appear every month.

MISCELLANEOUS FEATURES

will comprise several illustrated articles on Ireland, by Dr. Kay; papers touching the field of Sunday-School Lessons, illustrated by E. L. Wilson; Wild Western Life, by Theodore Roosevelt; the English Cathedrals, by Mrs. van Rensselaer, with illustrations by Pennell; Dr. Buckley's valuable papers on Dreams, Spiritualism, and Clairvoyance, essays in criticism, art, travel, and biography; poems; cartoons, etc. By special offer the numbers for the past year (containing the Lincoln history) may be secured with the year's subscription from November, 1887, twenty-four issues in all, for \$6.00, or, with the last year's numbers handsomely bound, \$7.50.

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Since its first issue, in 1873, this magazine has maintained, with undisputed recognition, the position it took at its beginning,—that of being the most excellent juvenile periodical ever printed. The best known names in literature were on its list of contributors from the start,—Bryant, Longfellow, Thomas Hughes, George MacDonald, Charles Reade, Bayard Taylor, Frances Hodgson Burnett, James T. Fields, John G. Whittier; indeed the list is so long that it would be easier to tell the few authors of note who have not contributed to "the world's child magazine."

THE EDITOR, MARY MAPES DODGE,

author of "Hans Brinker; or, The Silver Skates," and other popular books for young folks,—and for grown-up folks,—too, has a remarkable faculty for knowing and entertaining children. Under her skillful leadership, *St. Nicholas* brings to thousands of homes, on both sides of the water, knowledge and delight.

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THE COMING YEAR OF ST. NICHOLAS.

The fifteenth year begins with the number for November, 1887, and the publishers can announce: Serial and short stories by Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett, Frank R. Stockton, H. H. Boyesen, Joel Chandler Harris, J. T. Crowbridge, Col. Richard M. Johnston, Louisa M. Alcott, Prof. Alfred Church, William H. Rideing, Washington Gladden, Harriet Prescott Spofford, Amelia E. Barr, Frances Crockett Bayler, Harriet Upton, and many others. Edmund Alton will write a series of papers on the "Romance of the Republic." The President works at the White House, and how the affairs of the Treasury, the State and War Departments, etc., are conducted; Joseph O'Brien, a well known Australian journalist, will describe "The Great Continent." Elizabeth Roberts Pennell will tell of "London and its Pantheon." (Alice in Wonderland, etc.); John Burroughs will write "Meadow and Wonderland Talks with Young Folk," etc., etc. Mrs. Burnett's short serial will be, the editor says, a worthy successor to her famous "The Lord Fauntleroy," which appeared in *St. Nicholas*.

Why not try *St. Nicholas* this year for the young people in the household? Begin with the November number. Send us \$3.00, or subscribe through booksellers and newsmen. *The Century Co.*, 33 East 17th street, New York.

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SATURDAY, JANUARY 28, 1888.

COMFORT IN THE HOUR OF DEATH.

A good brother, who was formerly a Presbyterian clergyman, but who has lately found "the better way," tells us that upon a certain occasion he was called to the bedside of a worthy lady who was supposed to be nearing the silent shore, and about to pass to spirit-life. While friends and kindred, with tearful hearts, were sadly awaiting the expected change, her own spirit seemed to be full of joyous hope and trust. Indeed, she expressed herself as possessing positive knowledge of continued life beyond the gates of death. She was confident of the presence of loved ones who had gone before, but who were present to assist at the birth of her spirit to the new life.

Instead of administering to her the hope of salvation at some far away resurrection of the physical body, he found that she possessed something far better—a knowledge of a safe and immediate transit to spirit-life, that sustained her far beyond aught of religious instruction he could give. For once he was at a loss to know how to proceed. He realized that he was in the presence of one who could instruct him in the way of salvation—of one who possessed something better than faith in the promises of the Scriptures, which was all that he had to offer her. He learned that she was, and had been for many years a Spiritualist.

And so it is often and clearly demonstrated that Spiritualism will do to die by, as well as to live by. If it brings such comfort to the soul in the closing hours of mortal existence,—such sweet rest and peace,—it is surely worth trying. Christianity, as taught by the sects, affords no such consolation; for the reason that it is wanting in that definiteness of future happiness, of which this beautiful philosophy gives positive assurance.

As a dying Christian who had made his peace, as he believed, with his God, and had received the extreme unction of the church, one might feel, in the closing hour, that his own soul was safe. But then what of his loved ones who had passed on before, without such assurance, and of those who were yet in the "gall of bitterness" on earth? Could he be happy in heaven with his heart's idols suffering the pains of eternal torment? Would he not rather go with them to share their woes and minister to their sufferings, than to live forever in a place of happiness where they could never come? If he would not, then indeed must his nature be so changed as to be unrecognizable even by himself.

Admitting that such a change as is here mentioned may take place with the "redeemed" spirit, after its transition to the other life, it certainly does not occur in this life. Hence, many a good Christian has gone down to the grave with an unutterable agony of concern for the loved ones left behind, and a nameless dread that he might not meet the ones his longing heart sighed for on the other shore.

Spiritualism does away with all this doubt and uncertainty. It fills the soul, in the mortal hour, with such comfort and trust as no words can express. Often the veil is pushed aside, and the living and the so-called dead are brought face to face, and they recognize each other. Loved ones from the other side have come to assist at the transition of the mortal to the spirit side of life, and to bear the disenthralled spirit away to its bright home in the land of the immortals.

"WORK! WORK!"—Of the thousands now out of employment in our broad and teeming land, none are more to be pitied than the hundreds of convicts in the Pennsylvania prisons, where labor has been done away with; and henceforth imprisonment in that State can be nothing else than solitary confinement. What is more terrible than to deprive human beings of their liberty, then deny them the use of their hands? The mind may plan, but unless the hands fashion its ideas into shape, thinking and planning must become madness. The kindest thing the law does when it puts a man in confinement, is to provide "hard labor." Men may be vagrants when the world is their field of plunder, and they have to seek opportunities by pedestrian feats, but when civil justice overtakes them and limits their locomotion to the four walls of a prison, industry becomes that blessed boon that it ever should be to all mankind. The State, that would take away work from its imprisoned offenders is doing a wrong it can only right by speedily restoring it.

EDITORIAL FRAGMENTS.

The mole burrowing in the dark earth, the thistle down floating on the summer breeze, the rootlet of the plant groping for moisture and nutrition,—all are moved by a divine energy, the same as that which called a world into existence, and bespangled the infinite spaces of ether with star gems.

He who is ever thinking evil of others must have that in his own nature to call forth like thoughts in the minds of his fellows. The mind is apt to dwell upon that of which it possesses most. There is an old adage that "it takes a thief to catch a thief." We would that there were no thieves to catch, and none to catch them!

In proportion as the mind is empty of knowledge does it engage in the frivolities and little things of life. Show us a gossiping scandal-monger, and we will show you a person with many rooms to let in the upper story. Imagine George Elliot, Alice Cary and R. W. Emerson crooning together and back-biting a neighbor across the street!

We pity the stricken one, who, standing by the open grave of his heart's idol, believes that "death ends all." O, the night of dark despair! the impenetrable gloom of hopeless woe! What! Is such to be the horrible fruition of human love—of the tender yearning for another's welfare that reaches out to the very stars? No, no! the All-Father and Creator is no such monster.

Kindness is the only true educator for an erring soul. You must develop her better nature—call forth the good there is in him—and the bad will naturally cease to manifest. You can not do this by harsh words or cruel treatment. You can educate him in the better way only by the exercise of a tender sympathy growing out of a proper understanding of your relations to each other.

When we remember the centuries of fierce theological teaching to which the race has been subjected, we can but wonder that there are so many good people in the world as there are—so many generous hearted and sympathetic people. The thought of an all-loving purpose in creation, and that all seeming evil is but undeveloped good that will disappear with man's spiritual unfoldment, is but just dawning upon the world. It is breaking in streams of rosy light all around the sky, and the dark shadows of Omnipotent wrath are rapidly melting away.

The heart that is not touched with pity at another's failings and weaknesses, as well as at his misfortunes, has only learned one-half of its lesson of humanity. What credit is it to you that you are not a beggar, a drunkard, or a thief? Had you been fashioned of poorer stuff, and environed with wretched associations from infancy, then what? Be thankful for yourself, and press on in the better way.

All nature is pointed with useful lessons for man's spiritual and intellectual unfoldment, if he will but open his understanding to the meanings of her many voices. She pleads with him from the stars to look upward for light to guide him through the tangled ways of life, and lead him to his eternal home. She wails from her mountain peaks of everlasting snows to pattern his character after their spotless whiteness. She invites him in the fragrance of the rose, in the murmur of the brook, and in the song of the birds, to make his own life rich with the aroma of good deeds, and melodious with the beautiful symphonies of loving fellowship with all that is good in earth and heaven.

EX-PREMIER OF HAWAII.

The earthly remains of Walter M. Gibson, ex-Prime Minister of King Kalakaua, now lie embalmed in this city awaiting friends to carry the pulseless clay to his island home. His freed spirit took its flight on last Saturday at St. Mary's Hospital, wherein he had been an inmate since August last, during which time it was self-evident that his frail body must surely succumb to consumption at no distant day. He came to San Francisco last July, at the time of the revolt in Hawaii, in order to escape from severe treatment from the missionary element of that kingdom, he being forced by them to resign his premiership.

Mr. Gibson was of Southern birth, belonging to one of the first South Carolina families, having received, while young, a classical education, which, polished by travel and experience, made him a gentleman of rare power and address, and one of the most fascinating conversationalists we ever met. He was ambitious and of an adventurous cast, which led him into many strange ways, making his life a checkered one. For the past ten years he has virtually been the ruler of Hawaii. Possessing, as he did to a marked degree, that subtle magnetic force which made him master of weaker minds, it is not a wonder that he wielded so great an influence over the king and government.

While on a visit, some four years ago, to King Kalakaua's realm, we felt the deep undercurrent of antagonism which was then at work against the Gibson policy, and saw in it his early downfall,—

the opposition coming from the religious fanaticism which possesses the Islands.

Mr. Gibson was, in many respects, a remarkable man, having passed through many eventful changes in a career reaching over sixty years. He leaves one daughter, who is married and resides in Honolulu; thence his remains will be taken for interment, nor "could he wish a couch more magnificent" on "which to lie down to pleasant dreams," than beneath the Hawaiian groves of odorous sandal-wood and orange trees and the long, plummy fronds of the palm tree keep rhythmic time to the singing of the o-o and the royal iwi, while over all is the ever watchful eye of the guardian goddess, Pele.

OUR OLDER MEDIUMS.

While we have given much attention of late to the startling but well attested demonstrations of psychic phenomena, as witnessed through the mediumship of Dr. and Mrs. Henry Rogers, Dr. and Mrs. D. J. Stansbury, Mr. Fred Evans, Mrs. Eugenie Beste, Mrs. J. J. Whitney, Mr. W. J. Colby, Mr. Pettibone, Lizzie Plimley, the child medium of Oakland, and others, we would not forget the many faithful souls, the old and tried trance, test, healing, and psychometric mediums of whom we have many in this great city. These mediums, whom we hesitate to designate individually, lest we may omit some worthy names, are doing their work in a quiet way, and making an indelible impression upon the hearts and consciences of many a skeptic.

Of our earlier and best known mediums yet in the field, there is probably none who has stood in the front rank and more faithfully borne the brunt of the battle than Mrs. J. J. Hendee. There was a time when to be a Spiritualist required no little nerve—as it did in the early days of Christianity to be a Christian. But Mrs. Hendee, ever true to her angel guides and her conscience, never faltered.

And then there was Mrs. Foye (now in the East),—who has that knows her ever doubted her honesty, or hesitated to recognize the wonderful spirit power operating through her. There are hundreds of believers in Spiritualism, on this coast and elsewhere, who date their conversion to positive tests of spirit existence received through her mediumship.

The chief mission of many of our mediums is to diagnose disease and heal the sick by spirit power; hence their names seldom come before the public in any conspicuous manner. Of this number there is none that is more highly esteemed, or who fills her mission more modestly or with better results than Mrs. Albert Morton. Our little doctor with the wonderful magnetic hand, Nellie Beigle, is another noble worker. Hers is a grand soul, and her work in the highest and best interests of humanity. And then, in the same line of work, there is Mrs. Seal, Dr. Cora Ellison, Dr. A. W. Dunlap, Horace H. Taylor, Mrs. A. A. Connor, and others. As psychometrists and trance test mediums, we have heard good reports from Mrs. Aiken, Mrs. Robinson, Mrs. Miller, Mrs. Bennett, Mrs. Parry, just now and others whose names we can not recall.

We regret that we do not have more time to become acquainted with our mediums. The GOLDEN GATE is always ready to say a good word for any worthy medium. If we say more and better things of some than of others it is because the nature of the work of the former is of a more striking character, and hence of more importance to the general reader.

KNOWLEDGE.

Knowledge implies learning, but is it not more than strange that they alone are considered learned who have a knowledge of the past—those familiar with the world's changes, with obsolete doctrines, creeds, and theories? What is the past to us that we should gauge the degree of our progression by a study of its errors and its darkness?

Instead of going back to India, China and Persia for something new in mental and spiritual science, should we not rather implore the great, exhaustless wisdom of the eternal future to open its fountain of living waters upon our souls, to purify and enlighten our minds, making them fit dwelling-places for the spirit of all knowledge?

Learning the past is simply a memorization of others' ideas, and can avail us nothing hereafter; we should aspire to a knowledge of spiritual and future things, which is true wisdom, and by which alone the immortal part of man is nourished and made to grow and expand. Since the dawn of the Christian era we have looked upon the Eastern nations as heathens; now that we are seeking a knowledge of their rites and so-called superstitions, and even making them a study in our own country, we are but making an avowal of our past ignorance, admitting ourselves to be the heathens, the philosophers! Either this, or else we are another case of "arrested development;" natural laws forbidding us to stand still, we can but go backward. Spiritual world would lead us out of our delusion, hence, let us seek it unceasingly.

A NOTABLE TRANSITION.—Dr. Francis H. Terrill, aged thirty-four years, one of San Francisco's brightest and most highly esteemed physicians, passed on to the higher life, on Friday last, a victim to that fell disease, small-pox. About two years ago Dr. Terrill became thoroughly convinced of the central truth of Spiritualism, and lived in the happy possession of that knowledge until called hence to new activities in a world of eternal verities just over the border line of mortal existence. Fully conscious of the great change that was near at hand, he expressed a desire that his funeral should be conducted in accordance with his belief. He sent cheering messages of love to his wife and many friends, and looking forward to his transition without the shadow of a doubt or a tremor of fear, he passed on happily and triumphantly. Mr. Colville offered some beautiful and touching words at his burial, which fell like balm from heaven on the hearts of his stricken friends.

IRVING HALL.

On Sunday last, Jan. 22d, W. J. Colville addressed three large and influential audiences. The morning discourse was on "The True Relations of Christian Science and Spiritualism." It was a particularly forcible exposition of the Spiritual philosophy, and dealt with Christian Science from a fair and impartial standpoint.

Speaking of the absolute oneness of the substance of the universe, the speaker contended that it was a sophistry, an evasion, a begging of the question, for any one to affirm that spirit is derived from matter, for the greater can not proceed from the less; therefore, if what is commonly called matter evolves spirit, matter is not matter but spirit, for the effect must possess the nature and attributes of the cause. At all events, an effect can have no attributes which the cause does not possess. "All is mind, there is no matter," is an extremely ancient statement. All the objection one can take to Mrs. Eddy's system, as expounded in "Science and Health," is the claim that it is original with her, and the contradictions which are to be met with here and there throughout the volume.

Christian Science, as it is now called, began neither with Dr. Quimby nor Mrs. Eddy, but antedated the present era by many thousands of years. Spiritualism and Christian Science are perfectly at one on all cardinal points, when both systems are rightly understood, and there is no logical divergence on the ground of spirit communion; as granting metaphysical premises, communion between minds utterly independent of physical organisms is only to be expected as a matter of course.

Speaking of the essentially spiritual constitution of man, the lecturer referred to a valuable French treatise on natural science entitled "*Dieu dans la Nature*," (God in Nature) by Camille Flammarion, in which the learned author, who is a distinguished member of the French Academy, says that his researches have led him to infer that the whole human body changes in less than one year, and that many of its parts change in a single month, and that radically, if the organic structure of man is thus fleeting, what an overwhelming argument is here presented in opposition to materialism; and if, as all Spiritualists and believers in human immortality at large admit, life beyond the grave minus a corporeal frame can be a higher life than life on earth, how ridiculous appears the assumption that man is a compound of spirit and matter.

Thos. Gales Forster, in a magnificent lecture entitled, "Ye have Bodies, but Ye are Spirit," delivered many years ago, and now published in a volume entitled, "Unanswerable Logic," graphically expounds the true spiritualistic position on the constitution of man. The closing part of the lecture was devoted to a searching analysis of the value of different modes of therapeutic practice, and some very forcible words were uttered in denunciation of the unscrupulous attacks often made on Christian Scientists on the ground that they are not always successful. Who is? The argument rebounds against those who use it, because, if weighed in balances they consider just, every system now in vogue falls to the ground. The special work of those who are employing spiritual methods can never be primarily or chiefly the healing of the flesh. This will be a result; the main object and special mission of all such must ever be, first, intellectual and moral, then physical, as true and living thought expresses itself in ultimates.

In the afternoon "The Planetary Chain" proved a very interesting topic, and in the evening an able lecture on the "White Cross Movement," was delivered to a very full house. It has been specially reported for these columns and will shortly appear.

On Sunday next, Jan. 29th, W. J. Colville's subjects will be: 10:45 A. M., "Thos. Paine—His Life and Influence upon Humanity; An Impartial Review of the Career and Principles of a great Humanitarian;" 2:30 P. M., "Theosophical Teachings of the New Testament compared with those of esoteric Buddhism." At the morning service all seats are free; a voluntary collection is made to meet the necessarily heavy expenses. Excellent music by Prof. Eckman, Mme. Bishop and Mrs. McCarty is a charming feature at these meetings. At 7:30 P. M. there will be a special gathering in honor of the birthday of Thos. Paine. The panegyric will be delivered by Samuel Putnam of New York. Other eloquent orators will address the assembly. Admission, ten cents.

ALL DYING.

A grim story is that told by an English minister who, one day being called to the bedside of a dying man, sought to take his hand in offering united prayer. The man withheld it, keeping it under the bedclothes, while the minister prayed without it. A few minutes later, when the man died, the reason for the strange refusal was revealed; the dead held tightly the key of the safe wherein his money was kept.

While this incident is seemingly more shocking by the man's actually dying while clutching the key to his earthly treasure, it is really no more so than if he had been but lying down for a nap. We are all dying, and it is only a few days' difference between the last breath of each; dying to the body and its material necessities. Those who expend their energies in accumulating but to disseminate in enterprises to improve and assist the world in its upward growth, are holding keys to that which will ever bless their memories.

A general acceptance of the spiritual faith would make it impossible for man to hoard without intent of use. Gold is a means to great ends on our planet, but in the spirit realm the ends alone are considered—the means is nothing until applied. It is man's solemn duty to provide for his own; when this is done, his one and only duty is to humanity, and the spirit world will hold him responsible in proportion as he neglects his grand opportunities for earning its blessings.

While yet the breath of life remains, let us put the key in the lock to our surplus and make pro-

visions for its application to some good. Then we shall not have reason for refusing the proffered hand of him who may sit by us as the flame flickers in its socket; as the shadows of our last worldly day gather and close in upon us.

HER MEMORY.

Mrs. Helen Hunt Jackson has a shrine in every heart that ever had the good fortune to personally know her or her works. In Santa Fe, N. M., is one of those living monuments that are dedicated to true goodness, wherever it be discovered—that goodness that goes out to all creatures and plans and toils for their betterment. Mrs. Jackson saw in the native races of our continent a people to be in every way assisted and uplifted to that point where they should come to demand the privileges and rights of their white usurpers. Her chief desire in behalf of the Indians was education, and in the city above named the spirit of that desire is fully materialized.

The Ramona Indian Girls' School there is doing a practical benefit for the Apache maidens, whose enlightenment is sufficient guarantee for that of their brothers, for woman's influence and achievements are masterful among all people. As a greater tribute to the memory of Mrs. Jackson, for whose noble the institution is christened, the managers are about to put up a new building that will cost thirty thousand dollars, and accommodate one hundred and fifty pupils. The chief attraction to most persons about this structure will be the room in it that is dedicated as a memorial to Mrs. Jackson, and which is to be furnished in a manner to ever suggest her memory.—A shrine to which thousands of devotees will turn their steps in years to come, thinking of her who sleeps on the distant Colorado hillside, "where the last slanting rays of the western sun linger 'longest upon the resting place of this gifted 'child of nature.'"

BETTER.

Those who believe in the wrath of God would much improve their natures by considering it in the light by which Arthur F. Piereson represents it in *The Signs of the Times*. Although the world has been reading the word of God for nineteen centuries, and the sayings of Jesus, it is only recently that any of His believers have come to a proper understanding of Almighty wrath. It has always been willful, fickle, and cruel; God was represented as creating but to destroy; dooming his creatures by pre-knowledge to violate his laws that he might punish them, though making it impossible for them to do different. Nowadays the world has a better opinion of its Creator, and is coming to understand what Jesus taught about God's unchangeable perfection of holiness; but Piereson says that holiness is love to the holy and wrath to the guilty, comparing it to the fire that warms and cheers, that refines and purifies; but also burns and blasts, tortures and consumes—all depending upon our relations to the fire. Now, this is rather more sensible than pre-ordination, inasmuch as it gives man the exercise, to some extent, at least, of a will, making him a creature of responsibility rather than of blind impulse. It is more elevating to man to believe that if his life was ordered by a Supreme Power, that Power, giving him reason, intended he should exercise it in accepting good and rejecting evil, and that whichever he does is his own choice, and not the fiat of God. The time is coming when the world will manfully shoulder its own burdens of wrong, neither casting them upon Jesus nor upon an angry God.

MRS. WHITNEY AT ODD FELLOWS' HALL.—Mrs. J. J. Whitney's last Sunday evening's meeting, at Odd Fellows' Hall, is pronounced the largest gathering of the kind that ever assembled in this city. There was not an available inch of standing room, even, in that great hall, either above or below, unoccupied. Thus it seems, as Mrs. Whitney is about to leave us for a short time, that the interest in her meetings increases. Sure it is that an eagerness to investigate spiritual phenomena pervades the community now as never before, and this eagerness is doubtless largely due to the efforts of such mediums as Mrs. Whitney and her faithful co-workers in the mediumistic field. Her tests on Sunday evening last were the same in kind as those to which we have often referred in speaking of her public work. Scarcely a name was given that was not recognized, and many of the tests were of the most positive and convincing character. It is strange that some few of our mediums, and others who claim to be, should allow the unworthy feeling of jealousy at her wonderful success to so dominate their good sense as to induce them to say unkind things of this grand instrument of the angel world. But all such unkindness will only react upon those who indulge therein; it can do her no possible harm.

—We have received a long communication in reply to a foolish tirade made from the platform at a recent Scottish Hall meeting, by a woman claiming to be a medium herself, against three of the best mediums in this city, or in the world. The communication contains some most damaging countercharges, which the writer claims to be able to prove. We do not think it would be wise for us to admit this communication to our columns. Its publication would do no good. The mediums whom this woman assails are too well known, and their mediumship too well established, to be in any manner affected by aught that she can say against them. Officers of our spiritual meetings should guard well against such an abuse of the privileges of the platform.

—A Massachusetts correspondent writes: "Through your kindness I was, a few weeks ago, 'enabled to peruse a specimen copy of your 'beautiful paper, and I was surprised that a 'spiritual organ of such good calibre should 'exist and never come under my eyes; but better 'late than never, I shall not miss a copy of 'your paper in the future, I can assure you.'"

EDITORIAL NOTES.

"D.L.N." San Diego.—Your letter will appear next week.

All letters and inquiries for W. J. Colville should be addressed to 213 Jones street, S. F.

The wife of the well known "Australian Hoaxer," J. Milner Stephen, died recently in England.

Some one has said that "the most perfect man is he who sees most perfection in his fellow-beings."

Mr. J. J. Morse will lecture before the Spiritual Union, 111 Larkin street, on Wednesday evening next. Doors open free to all.

Dr. Julia A. Spaulding, of Worcester, Mass., arrived in this city last week via the Southern Express. Her stay here is not yet determined.

A letter from George Chaine, New Zealand, informs us that himself and wife will post-only sail for San Francisco on Jan. 30th (next Monday).

Mr. E. C. Williams-Patterson, a former well-known lecturer of this city, was married in Indianapolis, Jan. 9th, to a Mr. John Meier of that city.

We expect to be able to give the verdict of the Committee on the prize essays in our next issue. The report should be made by Feb. 1st, but it may be delayed a few days.

Agents should remember that we are not now allowing one dollar commission on subscriptions, but only twenty-five per cent on new subscriptions and twenty per cent on renewals.

George P. Colby is holding meetings in Palatka, Florida, under the auspices of the "Southern Association of Spiritualists." Bro. Colby is one of our most faithful and energetic workers.

W. J. Colville's class in Spiritual Science will begin at Odd Fellows' Hall, Alameda, Monday, Jan. 30th, at 2:30 p. m., and continue five Mondays and four Thursdays. Terms for this course of nine lectures, \$3.00; two tickets, \$5.00.

Mrs. Dr. Beigle has moved into the Murphy Building, on Market street, over J. J. O'Brien's store, room 54. She will visit San Jose every other day during the month of February, after which she will remain permanently in this city.

Mr. John Slater, the eminent platform test medium, arrived in this city last week, and is stopping at No. 400 Geary street. It is his intention to come before the public soon. Mr. Slater assures us that the gift of reading sealed letters has recently come to him.

Mrs. S. A. Harris, Hon. John A. Collins and P. Boston, W. R. Colby, the slate-writer, and others, will address the Society of Progressive Spiritualists at Washington Hall, Sunday, at 2 p. m., on the subject of "Benefits of Free Thought to Spiritualism, Past and Present."

In Mrs. Cramer's essay on "Christianity and Gnosticism," published in our last week's issue, occurred the following: "Gnosticism is identical with Theosophy; that is, divine wisdom. They are both metaphysical, and are a spiritual science. We will give you the 'mystic keys to explain the two.' The last number should read: 'One will give you the 'mystic keys to explain the other.'"

Strenuous efforts, we understand, are being made to carry on meetings at the College during W. J. Colville's absence. Mrs. Harris, Mrs. Wilson, Mrs. Shepard, Mr. McKaig, and others, have signified their desire, as well as willingness, to assist. The rent of the College is of course a heavy item, but expenses can always be met without the slightest difficulty when each friend contributes his or her mite and influence.

At Hamilton Hall, Oakland, a special lecture by W. J. Colville will be delivered on Sunday next, Jan. 29th, at 7:30 p. m., on "Thos. Paine." Grand music by eminent talent. Admission, ten cents. W. J. Colville's Friday afternoon Theosophical class is exciting much appreciative interest. He is also giving a very interesting course of inspirational discourses on "Ancient and Modern Miracles" on Friday evenings at 7:30.

It will be remembered that, about a year ago, an indictment found against Mrs. Ross, a materializing medium of Boston, for obtaining money under fraudulent pretensions, was quashed, on the technical ground that the complaining witness could not testify positively whether the dollar she paid was paper money or silver. Another indictment was found in the same case, and that has just been set aside, on the ground that the statute under which it was found does not come within fourteen miles, more or less, of reaching the case.

The Liberals of San Francisco will celebrate on Sunday evening, Jan. 29, 1888, the 151st Anniversary of the birthday of Thomas Paine. The exercises will take place at Irving Hall, 139 Post street, between Kearny and Grant avenue. The following program has been prepared: Piano solo, Prof. Pettibone; Introductory remarks by the Chairman; Selected song, Prof. Briggs; Original poem, Thomas Curtis; Address, Samuel P. Putnam; Address, Geo. A. Bruce; Original Poem, Robert Stuart. Doors open at 7; exercises begin at 7:30.

Mrs. Agnes Evans, wife of that well-known medium for independent slate-writing, Mr. Fred Evans, announces herself elsewhere as a trance test medium, residence and office same as her husband's, 133 Octavia street. Mrs. Evans formerly practiced her beautiful gifts in this city, and prior to her coming to this country with her parents, when quite a young girl, she was a well known trance test medium and lecturer in England. In resuming her public work she but joins with her husband in bearing the great truths of Spiritualism to the world.

—A Milville, Shasta Co., Cal., subscriber writes: "As my subscription for the GOLDEN GATE has run out, I take this opportunity to 'renew it.' Enclosed you will find five dollars 'for subscription for one year. Send one copy 'to — and one to me. I think the GOLDEN GATE is the best spiritual paper I have ever seen; I would not do without it if it cost five dollars a year."

—W. J. Colville has been very busily occupied attending funerals of late. Among those over whose remains he has been called to pronounce the funeral oration may be mentioned John Wright, whose funeral services were conducted at 2404 Mission street, S. F. Thursday, Jan. 19th, at 1 p. m.; Dr. Francis Heath Terrill, whose remains were interred in the Odd Fellows' Cemetery, on Saturday, Jan. 21st, at 2 p. m.; and Mrs. Knox, over whose remains services were held at 1065 Fifth avenue, East Oakland, Monday, Jan. 23rd, at 1 p. m. On all occasions mourners and friends expressed great satisfaction at the comforting and inspiring words spoken.

SPIRITUAL SCIENCE.

As W. J. Colville has positively made arrangements to leave San Francisco at the close of February for a period of work in Los Angeles, San Diego, and probably other distant parts of California, all who desire to avail themselves of the instruction given through his mediumship are respectfully reminded that his last and only class in Spiritual Science, yet to be delivered in this city for an indefinite period, will be held in the Metaphysical College, Room 7, Odd Fellows' Building, Market street, commencing Monday, Jan. 30th, at 8 p. m. It will be of particular interest to Spiritualists, as well as to all persons of every shade of opinion, who are investigating or seeking to investigate the hidden force of spirit, which in this age is so marvelously revealing its influence in the world.

The following is a complete synopsis of subjects treated in the course:

Monday, Jan. 30th, 8 p. m.—What is Man?—A Searching into Human Origin, Nature and Destiny.

Thursday, Feb. 23d, 8 p. m.—Can Man by Searching Discover God?—If so, How and Where?—Monday, Feb. 20th, 8 p. m.—Spirit, Soul, Mind and Matter—Their True Relations and Distinctions.

Thursday, Feb. 9th, 8 p. m.—Revelation and Inspiration—An Inquiry into the True Relation of Man on Earth to the Spiritual Universe.

Monday, Feb. 13th, 8 p. m.—The Basis of Genuine Spiritual Healing—A Consideration of the Relations of Healer and Patient to the Realm of Spirit.

Thursday, Feb. 16th, 8 p. m.—Christian Science, Mind Cure, Miracles of Healing, Answers to Prayer, Mesmeric and Magnetic Methods Contrasted and Explained.

Monday, Feb. 20th, 8 p. m.—How does Disease Originate in Thought, and How can it be Expelled from the System by Spiritual Methods only.

Thursday, Feb. 23d, 8 p. m.—Necessary Qualifications for Successful Healers, and Necessary Mental Attitude for Patients. What is Saving Faith?

Monday, Feb. 27th, 8 p. m.—Explicit Directions for Healing—The Value of Faith—Explained, and the Law of Self-healing and Self-protection Stated.

The above nine lectures will no doubt each call forth a number of important questions to the answering of which considerable time will be devoted. As it is highly desirable that all who attend the course should attend it entire, the fee for the whole has been placed at only two dollars. As single admissions will not be granted for less than fifty cents, the usual charge on such occasions, holders of course tickets obtain nine entrances for the price of four. Accommodation will be provided for one hundred and eighty students. Six tickets are sold for ten dollars, so any one who will dispose of five will obtain their own tuition gratis. It only needs very slight effort on the part of friends to make this class one of the most successful ever held in San Francisco.

ALDEN'S MANIFOLD CYCLOPEDIA OF KNOWLEDGE AND LANGUAGE.

One of the most extraordinary literary enterprises of the age is the work which bears the above title.

The specimen pages which the publisher sends free to any applicant, show the type which is used—a good clear-faced Brevier; also the form, "Ideal," for convenience, easy for the eye, handy to hold.

There will be several thousand illustrations—no "mere pictures," but everything of importance that will serve to explain the text.

THE MANIFOLD CYCLOPEDIA is much more than a "Cyclopædia of Universal Knowledge;" it embodies also a Dictionary of the English Language—including every word which has just claim to a place in the language. IN THE MANIFOLD CYCLOPEDIA you will find a survey of all knowledge which is illustrated by the English Language, and the cost is hardly more than commonly charged for a Dictionary alone.

Editorial talent second to none in America, in experience and skill is engaged in the conduct of the work; the publisher's past experience in Cyclopædia making it probable that the Library of Universal Knowledge, now known—trebled in price—as the International Cyclopædia is good basis for the pledge he makes to his patrons that THE MANIFOLD shall be inferior to no other Cyclopædia in any of the important qualities of a popular guide to knowledge. Specimen pages free or a specimen volume may be ordered and returned if not wanted; 50 cents per volume for cloth, 65 cents for Morocco binding; postage 10 cents extra. JOHN H. ALDEN, Publisher, 393 Pearl street, New York.

Many successful treatments are reported as having been given by the healers connected with the Pacific Coast Metaphysical Company. Classes for instruction in Mental Healing are formed monthly. Books, magazines, etc., for sale.

Dr. D. J. Stansbury, the independent slate-writer and clairvoyant physician, accompanied by Mrs. Stansbury, will leave for Los Angeles about Feb. 1st. Parties desiring the Doctor to stop over, en route, may address him at 305 Scott street, this city. After visiting the southern part of our State, Dr. and Mrs. Stansbury contemplate an extended tour of the Eastern States.

[Written for the Golden Gate.]

"John Anderson, My Jo."

"Now we maun totter down, John,
But hand in hand we'll go,
As I sleep together at the foot,
John Anderson, my Jo."

If Burns had lived in the days of his great countryman, the author of "Foot-falls on the Boundary of Another World," and the "Debatable Land," he would hardly have given his beautifully pathetic poem, "John Anderson, my Jo," the cold repulsive finish of an everlasting sleep. So sagacious and honest a man as the Scotch bard could not fail to be convinced by the irresistible evidence he would have obtained from Robert Dale Owen and others that Job was entitled to an affirmative answer to his oft quoted enquiry, "If a man die shall he live again?" or rather, he would have been convinced that the death of a man is only apparent, not real, and indeed that the spiritual body, referred to by St. Paul, survives the death of the physical body and does not die at all.

With this enlightenment, he would have continued his impressive strain in thoughts possibly better expressed but similar to the stanza that has since been added by another, thus:

"John Anderson, my Jo John,
When we have slept together
The sleep that a' maun sleep, John,
We'll wake we are anither,
And in that better world, John,
No sorrow shall we know,
Nor fear we e'er shall part again,
John Anderson, my Jo."

How admirably these last lines harmonize with our comforting philosophy, and how delightfully they contrast with the teachings of the old Kirk of Scotland that Burns so mercilessly satirizes in "Holy Willie's Prayer":

"Sends one to heaven and ten to hell
A' for thy glory."

If Robert Burns had believed undoubtedly—as all true Spiritualists do—that this world is designed by its Creator to serve as a mere nursery for the cultivation of the immortal germ called man, and that the mysterious change at death is but the transplanting of the same into a higher sphere in which he will live and expiate forever, relieved from the fear of being again required to travel through the dark valley of the shadow of death, he would have lived a different, a happier, life, and would have been a more useful man.

Once thoroughly indoctrinated in these exalted views of human nature and of Nature's God that genuine Spiritualism inspires, he would have loathed and abhorred the mortal who could superadd to mediumistic gifts the tricks of a juggler for gain, and would have classified all such with the character that Homer says should be:

"As far below the infernal center hurled,
As from that center to the ethereal World."

And he would have seen, as the clergymen are now beginning to admit, that spiritual phenomena are but a repetition of the miracles which originated primitive Christianity, and that it (primitive Christianity) was as broadly different from the Scottish kirk superstitions as is the darkest heathen idolatry.

G. B. C.

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(Written for the Golden Gate.)

Facts and Fragments.

BY JOHN WETHERBEE.

I saw a funeral procession pass along the street. The hearse with its silent occupant, followed by many carriages of people paying their last tribute of respect to the remains of their departed, is not an unusual occurrence in a populous city, and not a matter to attract much attention. I did not know who the deceased was, nor why it should have made me thoughtful. The cortege was only a moderate one and indicated a departure in respectable middling interest life. It was singular the sight should have attracted my mind so forcibly, for it made me think strangely of one's dead body, and that one of these days I would be one, and all the "mourners" in the carriages, and all the people everywhere would finally end thus, for we all—

"Await alike the inevitable hour,
The paths of glory lead but to the grave."

There was no particular reason why my mind should have run in this direction on this occasion; perhaps, as Thoreau said, "The flow of thought is more like a tidal wave than a prone river, and is the result of a celestial influence, not of any declivity in its channel." I do not know as this direction of my thought is worthy of any notice, but it will lead me to say a word or two on death.

"If a man die, shall he live again?" says the patriarch Job, and I should say, in answer to that ancient question, "No. If a man die, he is dead; that is the end of him. The bright silver lining that Spiritualism gives to the exit of a human being is the fact that he does not die when he shuffles off his mortal coil, and what we call death is but a change of tenement, an exit from a visible habitation to an invisible one."

"The soul's dark cottage, battered and decayed,
Lies in new light through chinks that time has made."

I do not think it possible for a man to believe in the permanent end of his personal consciousness. I have tried to more than once; did so to-day when noticing that funeral cortege. As I see around me the friends that would miss me, the thousand circumstances that make life attractive by death, and then wondering what this one would do, and the effect there in many ways, and focusing the subsequent suffering and distress into the present now, or the thoughts that come to one when he is in this frame of mind and tries to realize the fact that the future troubles of others need not concern him, as he will be dead, his conscious life a thing of the past, and no matter who suffers, or what becomes of those dependent upon him. A man can not realize in himself such oblivion; the mind refuses to see in it at best but a sleep, more or less prolonged, but no more can a man realize an end, or finish to him as a conscious being; in his own heart he feels that such a thing as death to the individual consciousness is an impossibility. This feeling was manifest in Shakespeare when he made Hamlet, in his soliloquy, say,

"To die—to sleep!
To sleep—perchance to dream;—aye, there's the rub;
For in that sleep of death what dreams may come,
When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,
Must give us pause."

Uncle Frederick Clapp was a pious man, a praying member of the Baptist Church. He was a man of eighty when he died, which was near ten years ago. He was called Deacon Clapp. He prayed for me when I fell from grace, for I was in early life a Baptist; but I have always felt that that fall, like the fall of man, was a fall up hill, and it is pleasant for me to say that Dr. Sharp, my then pastor, says so from the other side, and the deacon also has said the same. I at a private materialization lately, which was very interesting, but I am not proposing to write about that. I was having a little chat with the medium after it was over, when she suddenly said: "Why, Mr. Wetherbee, there is an old man standing right beside you; I never saw him before. I see him just as plainly as I see you now; he gives me the name of Clapp. His hand is resting on your shoulder; don't you feel it?" I said I did not, but I had relations of that name. The medium said: "They call him Deacon Clapp." "Oh, yes, I know now who it is—Uncle Frederick." He seems to be glad to be recognized; he says he helped the seance, but could not materialize himself, and says something about "Adeline not being mistaken." He will speak about this further, but will say now that Clapp is a family name; my mother's name was Clapp, and I do not think there are many people who associate that name with me; have had no occasion to. One thing I am sure of, the medium did not know I had any Clapp relatives. The name of Adeline calls up a legend which he and I remembered, which is worth relating:

When I was a boy Uncle Frederick had a beautiful wife by the name of Adeline. I can see her now in my mind's eye; the handsomest woman I ever saw. She died when I was about ten years old. He lived at that time in Prince street, in a wooden house, four or five wooden steps leading up to the front door. As he was

going home one afternoon, a few months after her death, and as he was drawing near his house, he saw his late wife just coming out of the front door, looking just as she did in life, dressed in the same way; she wore a calash common in those days, and she turned and looked at him, pulling her calash aside and gave him one of her sweetest looks; then went down the steps and down the street, never turning or looking back. He was not more than thirty feet from her; he followed her as quickly as he could, but could not seem to gain upon her. He kept following her until she reached Charlestown bridge at the bottom of the street, when he lost her, she passing behind the boards and lumber piled there. There was nobody near; she had vanished.

Uncle Frederick never forgot that circumstance. As years went on I used to hear this story, and as I grew older I used to laugh about his following a woman down the street, among the piles of boards. Our incredulity always distressed him; he felt that the vision was a privilege in answer to prayer, and it added both to his belief and his piety. He never doubted during his life but this was an actual apparition of his wife, Adeline. His mother, who was a seeress, and who often saw her departed friends, believed he saw Adeline, and never liked to have any of us ridicule it. My experience in the spirit manifestations has led me to consider it a fact rather than a fancy, and the appearance of Uncle Frederick at the medium's of whom I have spoken, where he seemed to intimate the legendary fact, may be, without straining, construed into a *post mortem* endorsement of the special mortal experience.

The perturbations of the orbit of Herschel, or then supposed to be outermost planet of our system, were observed by the astronomer, but no cause for it unless there was an undiscovered star with an orbit external or beyond that of Herschel. It was to that astronomer an intelligent announcement of the planet Neptune. There are perturbations in human affairs, mental as well as physical, that would indicate intelligent, invisible influence. The poet, Longfellow, hints at the idea in the following poetic lines:—

"These perturbations, this perpetual jar,
Of earthly wants and aspirations high,
Come from the influence of an unseen star,
An undiscovered planet in our sky."

Star, planet and sky—a poetic way of saying an "over-ruling Providence." These were my reflections on hearing a real good man say, with a feeling of dissatisfaction, "Oh! how I would like to know if there is an intelligent supervision over the affairs of this life. How can you doubt it? I really think the poet spoke truly, as well as wisely, when he said, 'There is a divinity that shapes our ends, rough how them as we may.' I will not relate our colloquy. He rather had the better of me in the argument, but I will express this fragmentary thought on the subject.

I do not mean in the foregoing, Is there a God? An infinite intelligence? Nobody but a fool doubts that, for everything proves it; but an over-ruling, finite intelligence is what we want to know, or as I have expressed it, "intelligent supervision." Infinite intelligence ruling and guiding by infinite law, without variability or the shadow of turning, is practically unreachability. We finite beings might as well pray to a gas, to the law of gravitation, as to that God. Nature is that God's manifestation; and Renan says truly, "Nature is immoral; the sun has smiled upon the worst of crimes, and looked down upon the most crying sins without veiling himself. But in the conscience rises a sacred voice, which speaks to man of quite another world—the world of the ideal, the world of truth, of goodness, of justice." It is about this latter that I am trying to make clear, but may not be able to in a fragment.

Experience in this mortal life can and does supervise inexperience. The adult world supervises and influences the infantile and the juvenile world. The young, true, have a tethered liberty, as well as all, that often gets unruly, knows more than its elders, often learns wisdom by its own experience, but for all that the adult world, or world of maturity, does supervise and more or less govern the rising generation even of young manhood. Now the question that this suggests is, Is this supervision continued over the border into the spirit world? Do our departed fathers, mothers and other departed friends have a supervising power? I am inclined to think they have, but spiritually rather than physically.

The departed must be necessarily near us, or near those they love. If they are still human, they would not be happy otherwise. Suppose a change of placeable itself, and says something about "Adeline not being mistaken." He will speak about this further, but will say now that Clapp is a family name; my mother's name was Clapp, and I do not think there are many people who associate that name with me; have had no occasion to. One thing I am sure of, the medium did not know I had any Clapp relatives. The name of Adeline calls up a legend which he and I remembered, which is worth relating:

the immortality of the personal consciousness, involves the fact of intelligent supervision. But it is rather hard for the friend that suggested this fragment to think so in his case, and I hardly blame him, but logic is logic.

Said to be True.

During the darkest days of the war there was a squabble in Syracuse over the appointment of a postmaster. Two factions of the Republican party had candidates, and each had sent to Washington numerous signed petitions for the appointment of its favorite. Finally, to get the matter settled, a delegation composed of the wealthiest men of the town and several of the most prominent ministers and lawyers, headed by Governor Leavenworth, visited the national capital and secured an audience with President Lincoln. General Leavenworth had carefully prepared his speech to Mr. Lincoln, and the Philadelphia Press says it ran something like this:

"Mr. President—It is with great reluctance that we intrude upon you this morning. We appreciate the awful responsibilities and perplexities of your position, and do not forget that the very life of the Nation is in your hands. But, Mr. President, the people of the great, loyal North are at your back, and they are praying, sir, that your life may be spared and that you may be given sufficient to carry this war through to successful issue." Mr. Lincoln listened to General Leavenworth with some impatience until he reached this point, and then interrupted him with:

"I assure you, my dear sir, that it isn't the war or the army that is worrying the life out of me; it is the Syracuse postoffice that is keeping me awake nights."

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A little five-year-old who had been to Sunday-school for first time came home puffed up with importance over what he had learned. "Mamma," said he, "do you know about Lot's wife?" "A little," she said; "but tell me what you know." So the little fellow told his story very earnestly, becoming positively dramatic when he reached the climax, and said, "And the angel of the Lord said unto Lot's wife, 'Skate for your life, and don't you look back'; but she did look back, and turned a somersault."—*Harper's Bazar*.

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There are a good many real miseries in life that we can not help smiling at, but they are the smiles that make wrinkles and not smiles.—O. W. Holmes.

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SEALED LETTERS.

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How a Spirit Saved the Mail Train.

You see that Jim Lane, at the office,
Worked signals at Panama Creek;
As fine and noble a fellow
As ever translated a "click."
We were chums in the army together,
His signals I knew like a book;
And his nervous, crisp manner of working
A message I never mistook.

Poor Jim! he was first to go under
When the "Yellow Jack" happened this way;
And a sorry time 'twas in the mountains
When we laid the brave fellow away.
The boys, the whole length of the route here,
Made a nurse for the widow and child;
But we missed Jimmy Lane and his signals,
And the sharp, nervous way of his "click."

Well, one midnight, or near it, last season,
I was timing the "click" from the west,
Sweeping on through the long, narrow valley
Like a thunderbolt—doing its best:
Then the signal came from the last station,
And I knew in ten minutes the mail
Would be past me and climbing the grade
Between here and the Cumberland Valley;

When, quick on the heels of the message,
Came a signal with crack, nervous click—
I could swear 'twas Jim Lane, and none other,
Working wires up at Panama Creek.
With alarm the swift message I read,
"Quick! quick! for your life, change the switch!"
I was out in a moment, and tearing
Down the track, leaping sidling and ditch.

There I found that some wretch had been turning
The switch to demolish the train;
And a spike, driven down in the timber,
Seemed to make saving efforts in vain.
I tell you now, stranger, no mortal
Ever worked as I did that night;
But I know other hands there were helping,
Though their owner was lost to my sight.

How that spike was pulled out Lord only knows,
But the switch was swung back to its place
Just as past swept the train on her metal,
Nip and tuck with her time in the race;
And as I reeled back in my weakness,
In the last flying glances of the train,
I saw Jim Lane's widow and baby
Looking out through a bright-lighted pane!

At the Turn of the Tide.

BY ERNEST MCGAFFRY.

It's dull and drear on the beach, my lad,
Till the turn of the tide,
But then the ships come sailing in,
And the little waves are dancing glad
Across the ocean's wrinkled skin—
At the turn of the tide.

The seaweed trails in tawny heaps
Till the turn of the tide—
Till all along the far sea lines
The slow pulsation inward creeps,
And then in purple light it shines—
With the turn of the tide.

And clustered shells in silence rest
Till the turn of the tide—
Until the salt sea seeps by
Across the wide man's leaving breast
A breath that sets them murmuring
With the turn of the tide.

Yen ship is she did not sail
Till the turn of the tide—
But now her stately, topmost spar
Looms through the piping, clinging sail,
Slow gliding past the harbor bar
With the turn of the tide.

Aye, all things come to those who wait
Till the turn of the tide—
Yea, smiles and laughter for the sad,
And joy to those most desolate;
Hope on to leave and look, my lad,
For the turn of the tide.

What an Angel Said.

I dreamed of love; I thought the air
Was glowing with the smile of God—
An angel told me all the road
Was beauteous with answered prayer—
I looked, and lo! the flowers were there.

I could not tell what place to tread,
So thick the yellow violets ran;
Along the brooks and next the sun
The woods were like a garden bed;
And whispering soft the angel said,

(While in his own he took my hand)
"Dear soul, thou art not in a dream,
And things are truly what they seem—
Thou art but newly come to land
Through shadows and across the sand."

I felt the lightning cross my face,
My heavy eyelids I unclose,
And from my dreaming I arose
(If I had dreamed) and by God's grace
Saw glory in the angel's place.

Without.

BY EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER.

Once, in the twilight of a wintry day,
One passed me silent, struggling on his way
And saw how low, and hands that burdens bore,
And saw how low, a little space before,
A woman watched his coming, where the light
Poured a glad welcome through a window bright.
She took with flowers that showed no fairer bloom
Than his sweet face, turned outward to the gloom.
Yet, when his foot, with quick, impatient stride,
Rattled the step, the door swung open wide,
Soft hands reached swiftly out, with eager hold,
And drew the dear one from its storm and cold.

O love, whose eyes, from some celestial height,
Behold me toiling, burdened through the night,
Tender of every blot at which I cower,
Yet smiling still to know how brief the hour—
Keeping within thy radiant, love-lit home
Some glad surprise to whisper when I come—
'Tis but a breath till I see thee shall win
And thy dear hands will swiftly draw me in.

Oh, you who read some song that I have sung—
What know you of the soul from whence it sprung?
Dost dream the poet ever speaks aloud
His secret thought unto the listening crowd?

Go, take the murmuring sea-shell from the shore—
You have its shape, its color, and no more.
It tells not one of those vast mysteries
That lie beneath the surface of the seas.

Our songs are shells cast out by waves of thought;
Here, take them from your pleasure; but think not
You're seen beneath the surface of the waves
Where lie our shipwrecks and our coral caves.

[Ella Wheeler.]

[Written for the Golden Gate.]

The Night is Past.

"Thought springs from God as springs the dawn,
Language from kindling thought is born;
The radiant tones of space and time
Unroll from out that speech sublime;
Creation is the picture word,
The hieroglyph of Wisdom's Lord;
Life, Light, the great unspoken Thought
Of Him by whom the worlds were wrought;
He, thronged within those realms above,
Inspires that Heaven, that Thought, with Love."

Here, in a few lines, we have the poet's
conception of the universe. Grand be-
yond conception, and perfect in its har-
mony, is the universe, which the great
architect has prepared for the habitation
of the intelligences which people it; and
the only discord, we are told, is found in
his most marvelous work, the living soul
of man; this the ultimate effort was found
to be a failure, and instead of perfect
goodness, irremediable evil stamped the
result, and the Omnipotent repented that
He had made man. He who could create
unnumbered worlds to move in perfect
harmony, circling in mathematical pre-
cision through immensity, could not so or-
ganize his masterpiece that it should do
His bidding; man and woman, upon
whom he had lavished all we can conceive
of beauty, rotten at the core; marvelous
anomaly!!

"What shall I do with these creatures
that I have created in my own image,
whom I have gifted with beauty and intel-
ligence, but whose ingratitude is worthy
of death? I will drive them from their
paradise, and curse this fair earth for their
sakes."

Such, on the other hand, is the ortho-
dox conception of things; and what was
the crime for which this fearful displeasure
was incurred? Here we are required to
believe that the design of the Creator was
frustrated by the thoughtless act of an in-
nocent girl, and that all the countless
myriads that should follow must be in-
volved in the stupendous result;—may,
even that the Lord of countless worlds
should himself be involved in the awful
tragedy. He, Son of the Omnipotent,
doomed to a cruel death by the careless
act of an immature, ignorant child!! And
the church, in all its sects, offers us this
irrational, vindictive "scheme of sal-
vation," which we are required to accept,
under pain of damnation, as the stipu-
lated and well digested mode by which
the Creator seeks to remedy the defects of
his own handiwork—a "scheme" which
devotes an innocent being to agony and
lingering death to atone for an insignificant
error committed ages before by another,
who, with her offspring, had already suf-
fered misery entirely incommensurate with
the alleged offense.

Let us be thankful that the day has
dawned when a juster conception of the
Beneficent shall prevail in the minds of
His creatures; when the frightful evils
springing from such crude belief, which
has given such terrible power to the priest-
hood, based upon the ignorance and super-
stitious terrors of the multitude, and which
during centuries has draped the Christian
world in mourning and woe, shall be dis-
sipated in the divine light of Spiritualism.
The night is past; the day is here;
the time has arrived when every one may
seek and find the knowledge of his own
nature and destiny; untrampled by the
anathemas, and independent of the inter-
cession of an arrogant, self-constituted
priesthood, who have so long battered
upon the fears of mankind, who have
shrouded truth in such a cloud of mystery
that to themselves the darkness is impen-
etrable.

The veil is last torn away; no more
the scaffold or the faggot shall daunt the
heretic; untrampled by superstitious fears
and pagan follies, the free and fearless
searcher may now for himself seek a truth-
ful conception of his Maker and of his
own eternal destiny. Messengers from
on high shall be his teachers, whose hap-
piest mission is to enlighten humanity and
to teach us what we may become.

But these angelic visitants are our own
relatives, our own familiar friends; not
the Frankenstein monsters of a dead-body
resurrection, or the re-incarnation phan-
toms of a hideous fantasy; but our very
own fathers, mothers, sisters, brothers,
who, having preceded us in the journey
of life, are waiting on the threshold to
welcome us into the eternal gardens of our
God. A. Y. E.

The philosophy of one century is the
common sense of the next. We should
so live and labor in our time that what
came to us as seeds may go to the next
generation as blossoms, and that what
came to us as blossoms may go to them as
fruit.—Henry Ward Beecher.

When I caution you against becoming a
miser, I do not therefore advise you to be-
come a prodigal or a spendthrift.—Horace.

Kind thoughts are the spice islands of
the spirit, making a man's character breezy
with sweetness.

FORM OF REQUEST.

To those who may be disposed to contribute by
will to the spread of the gospel of Spiritualism
through the GOLDEN GATE, the following form
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of Spiritualism, — dollars."

RULES FOR THE SPIRIT CIRCLE.

The Spirit Circle is the assembling together
of a number of persons seeking communion with
the spirits who have passed from earth to the
world of souls. The chief advantage of such
an assembly is the mutual impartation and
reception of the combined magnetisms of the
assemblage, which form a force stronger than that
of an isolated subject—enabling spirits to com-
mune with greater power and developing the
latent gifts of mediumship.

The first conditions to be observed relate to the
persons who compose the circle. These should be,
as far as possible, of opposite temperament,
as positive and negative, of more, characters,
pure minds, and not marked by repulsive points
of either physical or mental condition. No per-
son suffering from disease, or of debilitated phy-
sique, should be present at any circle, unless it is
formed expressly for healing purposes. I would
recommend the number of the circle never to be
less than three, or more than twelve. The best
number is eight. No person of a strong positive
temperament should be present, as any such
magnetic spheres emanating from the circle will
overpower that of the spirits, who must always be
positive to the circle in order to produce phe-
nomena.

Never let the apartment be over-heated; the
room should be well ventilated. Avoid strong
light, which, by producing motion in the atmos-
phere, disturbs the manifestations. A subdued
light is the most favorable for spiritual mag-
netism.

I recommend the seance to be opened with
prayer or a song sung in chorus, after which
subdued, harmonizing conversation is better than
wearisome silence; but let the conversation be
directed toward the purpose of the gathering,
and never sink into discussion or rise to em-
phasis. Always have a pencil and paper on the
table, avoiding entering or quitting the room, or
vain conversation, or disturbances, within or
without the circle after the seance has com-
menced.

Do not admit unpunctual comers, nor suffer
the air of the room to be disturbed after the
sitting commences. Nothing but necessity, or
disposition, or impressions, should warrant the
disturbance of the sitting, which should never
exceed two hours, unless an extension of time be
solicited by the spirits.

Let the seance extend to one hour, even if no
results are obtained; it sometimes requires that
time for spirits to form their battery. Let it be
also remembered that circles are experimental,
hence no one should be discouraged if phenom-
ena are not produced at the first few sittings.
Stay with the same circle for six sittings; if no
phenomena are then produced, you may be sure
you are not assimilated to each other; in that
case, let the members meet with other persons
until you succeed.

A well-developed test medium may sit without
injury for any person, but a circle sitting for
mutual development should never admit persons
admitted to bad habits, strongly positive or dog-
matical. Let the only medium be the author and editor,
and the circle inquiring spirit is the only
proper frame of mind in which to sit for phe-
nomena, the delicate magnetism of which is
made or marred as much by mental as physical
conditions.

Impressions are the voices of spirits, or the
murmuring of the spirit within, and should
always be followed out, unless suggestive of
wrong in act or word. At the opening of the
circle, one or more are often impressed to change
seats with others. One or more are impressed to
withdraw, or a feeling of repulsion makes it pain-
ful to remain. These impressions be faithfully
regarded, and pledge each other that no
offense shall be taken by following impressions.

If a strong impression to write, speak, sing,
dance, or gesticulate, possess any mind present,
follow it out faithfully. It has a meaning if you
can not at first realize it. Never feel irritated
in your own mind, or ridicule your neighbor for
any failures to express or discover the meaning of
the spirit impressing you.

Spirit control is often deficient, and at first
imperfect. By often yielding to it your organism
becomes more flexible, and the spirit more ex-
perienced, and practice in control is necessary
for spirits as well as mortals. If dark and evil-
disposed spirits manifest to you, never drive them
away, but always strive to elevate them, and
treat them as you would mortals, under similar
circumstances. Do not always attribute false-
hoods to "lying spirits," or deceiving mediums.
Many mistakes occur in the communion of which
you can not always be aware.

Unless charged by spirits to do otherwise do
not continue to hold sittings with the same
parties for more than a twelvemonth. After that
time, if not before, fresh elements of magnetism
are essential. Some of the original circle should
withdraw, and others take their places.

Never seek the spirit circle in a trivial or
deceptive spirit. Then, and then only, have you
cause to fear it.

Never permit any one to sit in circles who
suffers from it in health or mind. Magnetism
in the case of such persons is a drug, which operates
perniciously, and should be carefully avoided.

Every seventh person can be a medium of some
kind, and become developed through the judi-
cious operations of the spirit circle. When once
mediumship has been developed, the circle sometimes
becomes injurious to them. When they feel this
to be the case, let none be offended if they with-
draw, and only use their gifts in other times and
places.

All persons are subject to spirit influence
so externalize, so only one can become what
is called a medium; and let it ever be remem-
bered that trance speakers, no less than mediums
for any other gift, can never be influenced by
spirits far beyond their own normal capacity in
the matter of the intelligence rendered, the mag-
netism of the spirit being but a quickening fire,
which inspires the brain, and, like a hot-house
process on plants, forces into prominence latent
powers of the mind, but creates nothing. Even
in the case of merely automatic speakers, writers,
rappers, and other forms of test mediumship, the
intelligence of the spirit is measurably shaped by
the capacity and idiosyncrasies of the medium.
All spirit power is limited in expression by the
organism through which it works, and spirits may
control, inspire, and influence the human
mind, but do not change or re-create it.—Emma
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The City Just Over the Hill.
The Golden Gates are Left Ajar.
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San Jose	3:30 P.	3:30 P.
San Jose	4:00 P.	4:00 P.
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San Jose	11:00 A.	

How a Spirit Saved the Mail Train.

You see that Jim Lane, at the office,
 Werel signals at Panama Creek;
 As fine and noble a fellow
 As ever translated a "click."
 We were chums in the army together,
 His signals I knew like a book;
 And his nervous, crisp manner of working
 A message I never mistook.

Poor Jim he was first to go under
 When the "Yellow Jack" happened this way;
 And a sorry time 'twas in the mountains
 When we laid the brave fellow away.
 The boys, the whole length of the line here,
 Made a puns for the widow and the child;
 But we missed Jimmy Lane and his signals,
 And the sharp, nervous way of his "click."

Well, one midnight, or near it, last season,
 I was tining the "mail" from the west,
 Sweeping on through the long, narrow valley
 Like a thunderbolt—doing its best:
 Then the signal came from the last station,
 And I knew in ten minutes the mail
 Would be past me and climbing the grade
 Between here and the Cumberland Vale;

When, quick on the heels of the message,
 Came a signal with sharp, nervous click—
 I could swear 'twas Jim Lane, and none other,
 Working wires up at Panama Creek.
 With alarm the swift message I read,
 "Quick! quick for your life, change the switch!"
 I was out in a moment and tearing
 Down the track, leading siding and ditch.

Then I found that some wretch had been turning
 The switch to demolish the train,
 And a spike, driven in the timber,
 Seemed to make saving efforts in vain.
 I tell you now, stranger, no mortal
 Ever worked as I did that night;
 But I know other hands there were helping,
 Though their owner was lost to my sight.

How that spike was pulled out Lord only knows,
 But the switch was swung back to its place
 Just as past swept the train on her metal
 Nip and tuck with her time in the race;
 And as I reeled back in my weakness,
 In the last flying coach of the train,
 I saw Jim Lane's widow and baby
 Looking out through a bright-lighted pane!

At the Turn of the Tide.

BY ERNEST McCAFFREY.

It's dull and drear on the beach, my lad,
 Till the turn of the tide,
 But then the ships come sailing in,
 And the little waves are dancing glad
 Across the ocean's wrinkled skin—
 At the turn of the tide.

The seaweed runs in tawny heaps,
 Till the turn of the tide—
 Till all along the far sea lines
 The slow pulsation inward creeps,
 And then in purple light it shines—
 With the turn of the tide.

And clustered shells in silence rest
 Till the turn of the tide—
 Until the salt sea rephers bring
 Across the wide main's heaving breast
 A breath that sets them murmuring
 With the turn of the tide.

Yen ship is late—she did not sail
 Till the turn of the tide;
 But now her stately, topped spar
 Looms through a misty, clinging veil,
 Slow gliding past her harbor
 With the turn of the tide.

Aye, all things come to those who wait
 Till the turn of the tide;
 Yea, smiles and laughter for the sad,
 And joy to those who look;
 Hope on! 't will be brave! I look, my lad,
 For the turn of the tide.

What an Angel Said.

I dreamed of love! I thought the air
 Was glowing with the smile of God—
 An angel told me all the old
 Was beauteous with answered prayer—
 I looked, and lo! the flowers were there.

I could not tell what place to tread,
 So thick the yellow odors ran;
 And the brooks and next the sun
 The woods were like a garden bed;
 And whispering soft the angel said,
 (While in his own he took my hand)

"Dear soul, thou art not in a dream,
 And things are truly what they seem—
 Thou art but newly come to land
 Through shadows and across the sand."

I felt the lightning cross my face,
 My heart was all a glow,
 And from my opening I arose
 (If I had dreamed) and by God's grace
 Saw glory in the angel's place.

Without.

BY EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER.

Once, in the twilight of a wintry day,
 One passed me silent, struggling on his way
 With head bowed low, and hands that burdens bore,
 And saw not how a little space before,
 A woman watched his whither, where he light
 Found a glad welcome through a window bright,
 Set thick with flowers that showed no fairer bloom
 Than her sweet face, turned outward to the gloom.

Yet, when his foot, with quick, impatient stride,
 But touched the step, the door swung open wide,
 Soft hands reached swiftly out, with eager hold,
 And drew the dear one in from storm and cold.

O love, whose eyes, from some celestial height,
 Beheld me toiling, burdened through the night,
 Tender of every blast that I cover,
 Yet smiling still to know how brief the hour—
 Keeping within thy radiant, lowly home
 Some glad surprise that whither I come—
 'Tis but a breath's ill! Life door shall live
 And thy dear hands will swiftly draw me in.

Oh, you who read some song that I have sung—
 What know you of the soul from whence it sprung?
 Dost dream the poet ever speaks aloud
 His secret thought unto the listening crowd?

Go, take the murmuring sea-lark from the shore—
 You have its spirit, its color—and no more.
 It tells not one of those vast mysteries
 That lie beneath the surface of the seas.

Our songs are shells cast out by waves of thought;
 Here, taken at your pleasure; but think not
 You're less beneath the surface of the waves
 Where lie our shipwrecks and our coral caves.
 [Ella Wheeler.]

(Written for the Golden Gate.)

The Night is Past.

"Thought springs from God as springs the dawn,
 Language from living thought is born;
 The radiant tones of space and time
 Unroll from out that speech sublime;
 Creation is the picture word—
 The hieroglyph of Wisdom's Lord;
 Life, Light, the great unspoken Thought
 Of Him by whom the worlds were wrought;
 He, throne within those realms above,
 Inspires that Heaven, that Thought, with Love."

Here, in a few lines, we have the poet's
 conception of the universe. Grand be-
 yond conception, and perfect in its har-
 mony, is the universe, which the great
 architect has prepared for the habitation
 of the intelligences which people it; and
 the only discord, we are told, is found in
 his most marvelous work, the living soul
 of man; this the ultimate effort was found
 to be a failure, and, instead of perfect
 goodness, irremediable evil stamped the
 result, and the Omnipotent repented that
 He had made man. He who could create
 unnumbered worlds to move in perfect
 harmony, circling in mathematical pre-
 cision through immensity, could not so or-
 ganize his masterpiece that it should do
 His bidding; man and woman, upon
 whom he had lavished all we can conceive
 of beauty, rotten at the core; marvelous
 anomaly!

"What shall I do with these creatures
 that I have created in my own image,
 whom I have gifted with beauty and in-
 telligence, but whose ingratitude is worthy
 of death? I will drive them from their
 paradise, and curse this fair earth for their
 sakes."

Such, on the other hand, is the ortho-
 dox conception of things; and what was
 the crime for which this fearful displeasure
 was incurred? Here we are required to
 believe that the design of the Creator was
 frustrated by the thoughtless act of an in-
 nocent girl, and that all the countless
 myriads that should follow must be in-
 volved in the stupendous result—nay,
 even that the Lord of countless worlds
 should himself be involved in the awful
 tragedy. He, Son of the Omnipotent,
 doomed to a cruel death by the careless
 act of an immature, ignorant child! And
 the church, in all its sects, offers us this
 irrational, vindictive "scheme of salva-
 tion," which we are required to accept,
 under pain of damnation, as the stipu-
 lated and well digested mode by which
 the Creator seeks to remedy the defects of
 his own handiwork—a "scheme" which
 devotes an innocent being to agony and in-
 lingering death to atone for an insignificant
 error committed ages before by another,
 who, with her offspring, had already suf-
 fered misery entirely incommensurate with
 the alleged offense.

Let us be thankful that the day has
 dawned when a juster conception of the
 Beneficent shall prevail in the minds of
 His creatures; when the frightful evils
 springing from such crude belief, which
 has given such terrible power to the priest-
 hood, based upon the ignorance and super-
 stitious terrors of the multitude, and which
 during centuries has draped the Christian
 world in mourning and woe, shall be dis-
 sipated in the divine light of Spiritualism.
 The night is past; the day is here;
 the time has arrived when every one may
 seek and find the knowledge of his own
 nature and destiny; unappalled by the
 anathemas, and independent of the inter-
 cession of an arrogant, self-constituted
 priesthood, who have so long batten-
 ed upon the fears of mankind, who have
 shrouded truth in such a cloud of mystery
 that to themselves the darkness is imper-
 able.

The veil is at last torn away; no more
 the scaffold or the faggot shall daunt the
 heretic; untrammelled by superstitious fears
 and pagan follies, the free and fearless
 searcher may now for himself seek a truth-
 ful conception of his Maker and of his
 own eternal destiny. Messengers from
 on high shall be his teachers, whose hap-
 piest mission is to enlighten humanity and
 to teach us what we may become.

But these angel visitants are our own
 relatives, our own familiar friends; not
 the Frankenstein monsters of a dead-body
 resurrection, or the re-incarnation phan-
 toms of a hideous fantasy; but our very
 own fathers, mothers, sisters, brothers,
 who, having preceded us in the journey
 of life, are waiting on the threshold to
 welcome us into the eternal gardens of our
 God. A. Y. E.

The philosophy of one century is the
 common sense of the next. We should
 so live and labor in our time that what
 came to us as seeds may go to the next
 generation as blossoms, and that what
 came to us as blossoms may go to them as
 fruit.—Henry Ward Beecher.

When I caution you against becoming a
 miser, I do not therefore advise you to be-
 come a prodigal or a spendthrift.—Horace.

FORM OF REQUEST.

To those who may be disposed to contribute by
 will to the spread of the gospel of Spiritualism
 through the GOLDEN GATE, the following form
 of request is suggested:
 "I give and bequeath to the GOLDEN GATE
 Printing and Publishing Company, of San Fran-
 cisco, incorporated, November 28th, 1885, in
 trust, for the uses and dissemination of the cause
 of Spiritualism, — dollars."

RULES FOR THE SPIRIT CIRCLE.

The Spirit Circle is the assembling together
 of a number of persons seeking communion with
 the spirits who have passed from earth to the
 world of souls. The chief advantage of such
 an assembly is the mutual impartation and
 reception of the combined magnetisms of the
 assemblage, which form a force stronger than that
 of an isolated subject—enabling spirits to com-
 mune with greater power and developing the
 latent gifts of mediumship.

The first conditions to be observed relate to the
 persons who compose the circle. These should be,
 as far as possible, of opposite temperament,
 as positive and negative; of moral characters,
 pure minds, and not prejudiced by religious
 or either physical or mental condition. No per-
 son suffering from disease, or of debilitated phy-
 sique, should be present at any circle, unless it is
 formed expressly for healing purposes. I would
 recommend the number of the circle never to be
 less than three, or more than twelve. The best
 number is five, or seven, or a strong positive and
 temperamental should be present, as any such
 magnetic spheres emanating from the circle will
 overpower that of the spirits, who must always be
 positive to the circle in order to produce phe-
 nomena.

Never let the apartment be overheated; the
 room should be well ventilated. A steady strong
 light, which, by producing motion in the atmo-
 sphere, disturbs the manifestations. A subdued
 light is the most favorable for spiritual mag-
 netism.

I recommend the seance to be opened with
 prayer or a song sung in chorus, after which
 should follow a short conversation by the spir-
 its, which should be directed toward the purpose of the gathering,
 and never sink into discussion or rise to em-
 phatic. Always have a pencil and paper on the
 table, always entering or quitting the room, irre-
 spective of conversation, or disturbances, within or
 without the circle after the seance has com-
 menced.

Do not admit unpunctual comers, nor suffer
 the air of the room to be disturbed after the
 sittings commences. Nothing but necessity, in-
 disposition, or impressions, should warrant the
 distance of things phases of spirit power.

Let the seance extend to one hour, even if no
 results are obtained; it sometimes requires that
 time for spirits to form their battery. Let it be
 also remembered that circles are experimental,
 hence no one should be discouraged if phenom-
 ena are not produced at the first few sittings.
 Stay with the same circle for six sittings; if no
 phenomena are then produced, you may be sure
 you are not assimilated to each other; in that
 case, let the members meet with other persons
 until you are assimilated.

A well-developed test medium may sit without
 injury for any person, but a circle sitting for
 mutual development should never admit persons
 addicted to bad habits, strongly positive or dog-
 matic. A candid inquiring spirit is the only
 proper frame of mind in which to sit for phe-
 nomena, the delicate magnetism of which is
 either made or marred as much by mental as physical
 conditions.

Impressions are the voices of spirits, or the
 monitions of the spirit within us, and should
 always be followed out, unless suggestive of
 wrong, or act of crime. In the opening of a
 circle, one or more are often impressed to change
 seats with others. One or more are impressed to
 withdraw, or a feeling of repulsion makes it pain-
 ful to remain. Let these impressions be faith-
 fully regarded, and pledge each other that no
 offense shall be taken by following impressions.

If a strong desire to write, speak, sing,
 dance, or gesticulate, possess any mind present,
 follow it out faithfully. It has a meaning if you
 can not at first realize it. Never feel hurt in
 your own person, nor ridicule your neighbor for
 any failures to express or discover the meaning of
 the spirit impressions you receive.
 Spirit control often deficient, and at first
 imperfect. By often yielding to it your organism
 becomes more flexible, and the spirit more ex-
 perient; and practice in control is necessary
 for spirits as well as mortals. If dark and evil-
 disposed spirits manifest to you, never drive them
 away, but always strive to elevate them, and
 treat them as you would mortals, under similar
 circumstances. Do not always attribute false-
 hoods to "lying spirits," or deceiving mediums.
 Many mistakes occur in the communion of which
 you can not always be aware.

Every seance should be a medium of some
 kind, and become developed through the judi-
 cious operations of the spirit circle. When once
 mediums are fully developed, the circle sometimes
 becomes injurious to them. When they feel this
 to be the case, let none be offended if they with-
 draw, and only use their gifts in other times and
 places.

Never permit any one to sit in circles who
 suffers from it in health or mind. Magnetism in
 the case of such persons is a drug, which operates
 perniciouly, and should be carefully avoided.
 Every seance should be a medium of some
 kind, and become developed through the judi-
 cious operations of the spirit circle. When once
 mediums are fully developed, the circle sometimes
 becomes injurious to them. When they feel this
 to be the case, let none be offended if they with-
 draw, and only use their gifts in other times and
 places.

All persons are subject to spirit influence
 and guidance, but only one in seven can
 so externalize this power as to become what
 is called a medium; and let it ever be remem-
 bered that trance speakers, no less than mediums
 for any other gift, can be a medium of some
 kind, and become developed through the judi-
 cious operations of the spirit circle. When once
 mediums are fully developed, the circle sometimes
 becomes injurious to them. When they feel this
 to be the case, let none be offended if they with-
 draw, and only use their gifts in other times and
 places.

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BY C. PAYSON LONGLEY.

Author of "Over the River," and other popular
 Melodies.

Beautiful Home of the Soul.
 Come in Thy Beauty, Angel of Light
 In Heaven We'll know Our Own.
 I'm Going to My Home.
 Love's Golden Hair.
 Our Beautiful Home Over There.
 Our Beautiful Home Above.
 Oh! Come, for My Footstep is Breaking,
 Once it was Only Soft Blue Eyes.
 The City Just Over the Hill.
 The Golden Gates are Left Ajar.
 Two Little Shoes and a Ringlet of Hair.
 We're Coming, Sweet Mary.
 We'll All Meet Again in the Morning Land
 When the Fair One Comes to the Home.
 Only a Thin Veil Between Us.

Single song at 25c, or 5 for One Dollar, sent postpaid.
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 merous investigators, and has proved more satisfactory than
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 ness of the communications, and as a means of developing
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 than the one now in use. I believe it will generally super-
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 vance," says:

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COMPANY

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 Depot (Townsend St., bet. Third and Fourth), San
 Francisco:

LEAVE S. F.	COMMENCING AUG. 30, 1886.	ARRIVE S. F.
8:30 A.	San Mateo, Redwood, and	8:00 A.
11:30 A.	Menlo Park.	11:00 A.
1:30 P.	San Mateo, Redwood, and	1:00 P.
4:30 P.	Menlo Park.	4:00 P.
7:30 P.	San Mateo, Redwood, and	7:00 P.
11:45 P.	Menlo Park.	11:15 P.
8:30 A.	Colusa County	8:00 A.
11:30 A.	Rio Vista	11:00 A.
1:30 P.	Stanislaus County	1:00 P.
4:30 P.	Santa Clara County	4:00 P.
7:30 P.	San Francisco	7:00 P.
10:40 A.	Yolo County	10:10 A.
1:40 P.	San Mateo County	1:10 P.
4:40 P.	Sacramento County	4:10 P.
7:40 P.	Merced County	7:10 P.
10:40 A.	Napa County	10:10 A.
1:40 P.	Napa County	1:10 P.

*Sundays excepted. [†]The Train, Saturdays only. [‡]Sundays only.

Standard time furnished by Randolph & Co.

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 Sunday and good for Return until following Mon-
 day, [§]day, inclusive, at the following rates:

Round Trip San. Sat. to Round Trip San. Sat. to
 from San. from San. from San. from San.
 Francisco to \$1.00 \$1.00 \$1.00 \$1.00

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